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MUNCHAUSEN, M.D.

JULIAN W. BRANDEIS, M.D.

The EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOITS
AND EXPERIENCES OF

Munchausen, M.D.

BY
JULIAN WALTER BRANDEIS, M. D.

Illustrations by
WILLIAM GROPPER

THE QUIP PUBLISHING CO., Inc.
1924

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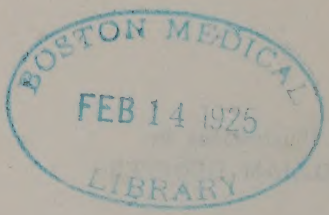

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DEDICATION

By the Recorder,

TO MY WIFE.

By Munchausen, M. D.,

TO ANOTHER'S WIFE.

Affidavit

Realizing that there will be those who will presume to doubt my veracity, I make affidavit that throughout my narrative I have never lost sight of the truth.

Signed,
MUNCHAUSEN, M. D.

Duly sworn and attested before us as past masters in the art of which deponent is but a mild exponent.

Signed,
GULLIVER
SINBAD

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CHAPTER I.

He Rèveals His Diagnostic Acumen.

Although I had been out of college but two years, so great had been my application and ability that I found myself the possessor of a very large and lucrative practice. While I am loath to make the statement for fear that there may be those who will presume to doubt my veracity, through envy, still I

shall mention, as a matter of record, that for several years I had reached the very comfortable income of $30,000 per annum.

Therefore, I felt that I had earned the right to spend a short vacation in travel. I decided to make an unusal trip as I bear no sympathy with the ordinary turn of mind that directs the majority of my colleagues to definite centers, where they feel they may imbibe further medical knowledge; moreover, I did not feel the necessity for any such addition to my store.

I found myself in the small town of Wang Chu, in the extreme north of China, on the twenty-fourth of May, 1920. I say small because this spot in the heart of that populous country is considered small despite its 5,000,000 inhabitants, according to the figures of the latest census. This will serve to correct the statement of Coningsby Lawton, the boastful explorer, who, in his grossly exaggerated and altogether fantastical book, accords to this hamlet a population of 15,000,000.

I was quite surprised, upon arriving at my hotel, to find a telegram awaiting me, as I supposed my presence to be unknown. Indeed, I traveled incog to avoid being disturbed. It will be readily believed that I was quite astounded to discover that it was an urgent call to come at once to see the wife of an im-

portant functionary, who suffered from an ailment that baffled the science of all the more prominent of the native physicians. Such a call was more in the nature of a summons than a request, so I had naught to do but comply, which I did.

Thereupon, I jumped into a taxi, waiting at the door, and was whisked across the town to the sick woman's abode. I amused myself on the way, both in endeavoring to keep myself warm and in observing the antics of those on the street who were severely put to it to keep themselves from freezing on the spot. Those who have smiled at the lengthy mustachios exhibited by the Chinese, in pictures, would have had real cause for merriment in seeing these fellows parading along the street with icicles lengthening these hirsute appendages until they touched the ground on either side. Indeed, I saw one fellow frozen tight to the earth in this manner.

Arriving at length at the home of the patient, I entered and was received with embarrassing honor. The unfortunate woman suffered with a disability of excretion. It seemed to me that she must find little comfort lying there in bed, as the room was insufferably cold. It was further explained to me that she had been exposed to the violent cold while delayed in an auto waiting while a tire was repaired after a puncture.

I made a brief examination, which revealed an irregular mass in the lower abdomen. The impression was conveyed to my fingers of particles of ice moving about in a semi-congealed medium. After the contact with her frigid skin, I was obliged to blow vigorously on my fingers to warm them again. Then I turned to the waiting assemblage and remarked that a plumber was more needed than a doctor. This was received with chuckles by the group of disgruntled physicians who were gathered, confidently awaiting my discomfiture. Whereupon I added, "But so as to waste no more time, I think I can manage the matter alone with the aid of a hot-water bottle." One was promptly obtained at a Riker-Hegeman drug store around the corner, and I had this filled and applied it, steaming hot, over the lower abdominal region.

In a very few minutes the much-needed result ensued, and the patient blessed me for the relief accorded her.

I am proud to record that I still wear, attached to my watch chain, the golden key of the city which was tendered me as a mark of esteem.

CHAPTER II.

He Observes A Simultaneous Pregnancy In Twins.

You may talk about your tempests in a tea pot, but in a town nearby to Mungchau, in the land which is an apotheosis of teapots, I witnessed a greater turmoil than ever I had dreamed could arise over so little a thing. I found the entire population of a sizable enough town at loggerheads, nay sword-points, over a matter which, from any angle, could only be considered the private affair of one of its inhabitants, and that one a very sweet young lady, into the bargain. I deduced from this affair that wherever the traditions or beliefs of a community, which after centuries of existence have become veritable habits of thought, are violated, there is likely to ensue a more or less violent reaction.

I must explain at once that in this particular province of the Celestial Kingdom, the birth of twins is hailed as an especial act of providence, springing directly from the beneficence of Buddha. The personal feelings of the lucky parents are but a secondary matter, and the dual offspring become, as it

were, a sort of state interest; but not a state investment, for the provision for their mundane welfare is considerately left where it properly belongs—in the hands of the parents. And unhappy the fate of the parents who fail in the slightest detail to live up to their fortunate responsibility! The caste of such a family immediately advances a step upward, and the progress of the twins is followed through life by a species of communal curiosity which could scarcely be said to make for extreme privacy. Even the Emperor, in his exalted estate, is said to bend his gracious glance from time to time upon these heaven-blessed progeny.

Out of this, there has grown one benefit to medical progress. The close observation, which accrues to such children, has resulted in the possibility of an equally close study of their physical welfare by the special physicians to whom such a duty is allotted. Sufficient data (and I went through volume after volume of such testimony) has been assembled to settle for all time, and against all contradiction, the fact that when one of twins is afflicted by any physical ailment, and probably mental, too, the other member will very soon fall victim to the same disorder. I found case after case reported to prove this fact. The evidence I should consider indisputable. Every ailment imaginable appeared in this

collection, each volume being about of the character of one of our congressional records, only somewhat more interesting. In some instances, I think the matter is carried too far, as where a youth committed murder and was caught in the act while his accomplice escaped. The police promptly arrested his twin and had no trouble in convincing the jury that he was the missing culprit as his dispositions were undoubtedly the same as his brother's. He certainly hung just as well. But I must get back to the tempest in a teapot.

Cio Cin Chan, a delightful little Chinese maid, had become the bride of Charlie Young, and in due time had come to be pregnant. Cio Cin Chan boasted a twin, one Wo Cin Chan, a winsome little cherry-blossom sort of a miss, with scarlet lips and eyes like a Turner sunset. But Wo had not yet given her beautiful self away in matrimony although, it was said, her cruel father had been earnest enough in the selection of affluent, but unprepossessing, suitors for this frail bud. Nevertheless, Wo Cin Chan began very soon to exhibit the symptoms of the same malady as had seized her married sister. To all appearances, Wo Cin Chan, the delectable virgin, was pregnant. Of course, the medical faculty was not nonplussed, no not at all. This was quite in accord with what was to be expected. Why should

there be any departure from the usual course in regard to this particular condition? Had they not collected voluminous reports to establish a principle which would be unalterable in its action? What did these scoffers mean by their winks? But nevertheless, there were doubters, and while in the beginning the arguments and discussions between the opposing camps, that formed, were mild enough, gradually some heat began to show itself. Soon a brawl broke out here and there on the streets between disputants, and these would not infrequently end before a petty magistrate. Sometimes the judgment of such officials would be swayed more or less by their personal leaning in the matter which caused the row. Thus there grew into the records of the courts various more or less official opinions which were later, as a matter of course, being quoted in the lower courts as precedents. Thereupon it became expedient to get an expression from the highest court, which happily was a unanimous verdict for the purity of poor little Wo Cin Chan. Poor, did I say? Well, I shouldn't have. She seemed to float through all the disturbance in a delicious atmosphere of unconcern. And meantime, the ladies' sewing circles and political and social clubs had taken up the matter on their own hook, and where peace and serenity had here-

tofore reigned, turbulence and violence now held sway.

Thus the course of events ran along and both sides waited a certain day, which would come in the nesting time, with bated breath. The weaker of the delicate Wo Cin Chan's supporters felt that they might be obliged to give a little if it should so happen that an infant really should be born. The symptoms, including the frail girl's size, they could abide, because they were only signs of her sympathy with her sister's ailment, but if a baby were really born, well—well, that would never happen.

Strangely enough no one seemed very much interested in discovering any facts that might have had some bearing, or shed a ray of light, perhaps, upon the situation. If they had, sometime or other, under the great wise moon, they might have found Wo Cin Chan straying—but there, I am taking sides!

******

What I have related was told to me by Won Tong Long, a grave, wizened old man, to explain the air of turbulence and unrest that held his beloved town in its grasp. Wo Cin Chan had disappeared only last week, just before nesting time, no one knew where, but the strife and dissension had only increased tenfold. What was to become of this little

world, no one could say. And in his mind there dwelled no doubt that the dainty little lotus flower had been spirited away by the forces of her evil traducers, for Won Tong Long was of the hosts of Wo Cin Chan.

******

Such a strange thing is chance that a month later, as I journeyed near Kwellin, I happened across a young man who was collecting bamboo shoots for a company that supplies a chain of Chop Suey restaurants in the United States, and being parched for thirst, I asked whether he could procure a glass of potable water for me. He led me to his pagoda at the side of the lake, and, playing there on the floor with a tiny infant, I saw O, the most entrancing winsome little mother to whom he called:

"Oh, Wo Cin Chan, beloved, will you fetch a tumbler of water for this here gent?"

CHAPTER III.

He Investigates the Sacred White Elephant.

I will not weary my readers with a recountal of the many strange adventures which befell me before I shook the rice of the Celestial Kingdom from my boots, but I cannot refrain from mentioning one episode which illustrates how I was able to put to use a minor accomplishment which I had acquired on the western plains of America under the tutelage of the renowned Buffalo Bill. It was while I was crossing the Himalayas on foot that I came one day to the end of a road which was cut off dead by a chasm that showed no bottom, at least to my thirty-twenty vision. I counted my respirations and then, by the method perfected by me, calculated the degree of alkalosis which affected me; from this, by the simple calculations familiar to my readers, I promptly had the altitude at which I stood, which proved to be 42,000 feet. I had just decided to let myself down to the base of the gorge, resolved to climb up the other side, when, as I unrolled my rope, there appeared, peacefully grazing at the opposite precipice, a moun-

tain goat with horns perhaps six inches in length. Forthwith I fashioned my rope into a lasso and, poising myself, swung the lariat into space. So well had I aimed that the noose settled gracefully about the antlers of the beast and as he made off I permitted him to drag me across the chasm with slight damage to myself. I might add that I traveled to Cashmere on his back, and he made a very tractable and comfortable mount for one who had been brought up on the plains.

My sole purpose in visiting India was to investigate, scientifically, the sacred white elephant of that country. I met no difficulty in approaching the Maharajah as my fame had preceded me, but greater difficulty encountered my plans to determine whether or not the extreme pallor of the worshipful pachyderm depended upon a pathological basis. I felt that I must have a drop of the animal's blood, but how to get it was the problem. So carefully was the beast protected that no one was permitted within ten feet of his sacred hide. Then luck, which so seldom favors me, played my cards.

The Maharajah summoned me one day in great excitement. The elephant suffered with some trouble about his mouth. The royal physicians and dentists could not define or cure it. Would I bring to their aid the benefits of occidental medical science? I as-

sented, indeed as I knew I must. The royal keeper opened the elephant's mouth and I peered within, and promptly discovered that the beast suffered with a severe grade of *pyorrhea alveolarus*. Be sure I used neither emetine nor vaccines to cure him. I merely abided my time, and when two weeks had passed, just as I had expected he had developed a gastric ulcer, and a hematemesis gave me, at last, the blood I craved.

You may believe that I hastened to the microscope. Previously I had determined the normal red blood count in the elephant to be 49,000,000 cells to the *c m.m.*, and my case showed a reduction to 20,000,000, with a hemaglobin of 49 per cent., thus giving an index greater than one; poikilocytosis and megaloblasts present. Obviously, pernicious anemia.

As to treatment of the animal, I might remark that a modified Lenhartz cured him of his *ulcus* but he died meantime, unfortunately, of his pernicious anemia.

CHAPTER IV.

He Encounters German Efficiency.

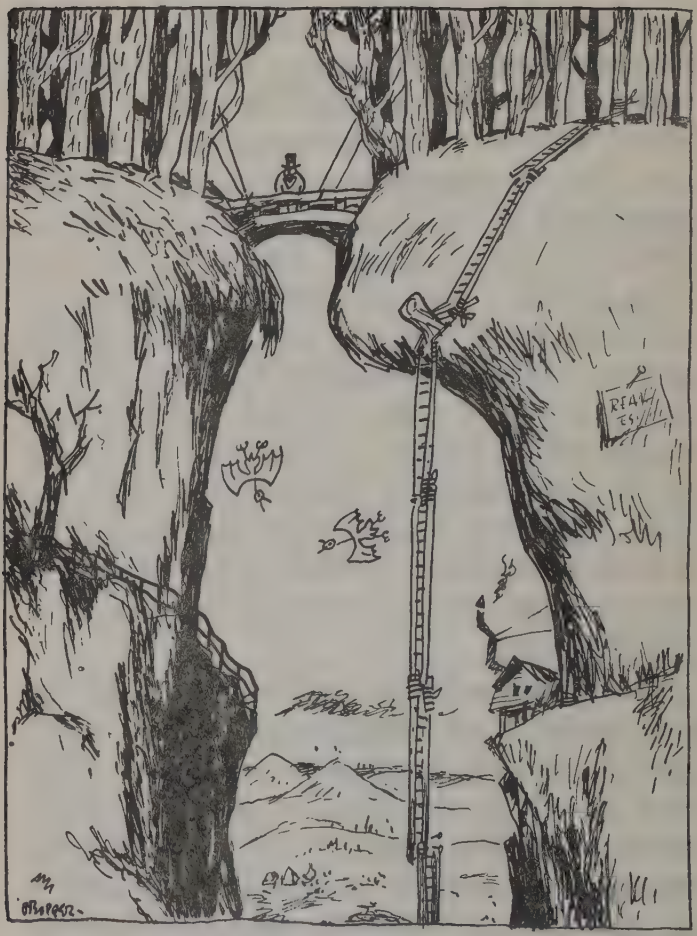
I was about to leave Cashmere for Calcutta, when I discovered what might appear to be a small enough loss and yet one which concerned me much; my fountain pen was gone—the one with gold trimmings, a gift from a grateful patient. I recalled that I had left it in the wash-room of the royal palace at Pekin.

I resolved to retrace my steps in order to recover the much-valued memento, which, I remembered affectionately, had been presented to me after I had removed a wart fram a patient's ear. Surely I must recover it—the pen.

As I trudged along I mused about these little gifts from grateful patients and the harm they had done in undermining the doctors' probity. "What a charming pin, doctor!" you exclaim. "Oh, yes," comes the answer, "a grateful patient gave me that." Yet you had never demanded whence. "A handsome tweed, boy!" you remark. "Indeed it is, just a little token from a G. P." I think the limit was reached by a friend with whom I went in swimming in the Red Sea one time. A very splendid suit of underwear he

wore, indeed. I admired it thoughtlessly. No safety even under such circumstances. "Yes, very nice," he replied, "a little remembrance from a G. P." I concluded there must be some exaggeration about all this. Take the last instance, for example. No man would think to send a suit of underwear to a physician who had aided him. Only a woman would think of such a detail of corporeal investiture and she would shrink from such a presentation through modesty. Of course, excepting in the case of a female physician, in which event the conditions would be reversed. I, however, have been the recipient of an immense number of remembrances, small and great, and even as I marched on I took stock of my present accoutrement. Nothing either of wear or decoration but that had come to me from some considerate patient.

At that moment I arrived at the chasm which had been the site of my flying passage but a short time past. I was quite surprised to find a sign nailed to a tree nearby, on which was printed in rough enough handiwork, "Goat's Leap." I peered across the solution in continuity in my path in the hope of an opportunity to repeat my little adventure, but there was no goat to be seen within ten or eleven miles. Then I strolled along the edge of the precipice and about ten paces away I came across a rustic



A rustic bridge spanning the chasm.

bridge spanning the chasm. I do not know who placed it there, as I am reasonably sure it was not built at the time of my earlier crossing. However, I used it this time.

Half way across the providential bridge I paused to read a legend which I found cut by a knife in one of the hand rails. It read:

Robert T. Morris, M. D.—New York.

A Mighty Hunter. 1909.

This placed me a little in doubt about the age of the bridge but I am easily able to conceive that the inscription might have been cut there while the tree was still standing as this intrepid hunter tore his way through the wild forests of the Himalayas, or even as a last message to mankind when he was seemingly lost beyond hope of succor.

There is really nothing worth while relating that occurred during this journey with perhaps one exception: it might be interesting to state how I was able to determine, by a very elementary application of my medical knowledge, the scientific cause of what had been characterized, by the benighted natives, as a "Mendelian Agricultural 'Sport' ".

It was in the valley of the Yangtse-kiang that I came across a settlement in the most arid region. But nevertheless this particular spot boasted a small cultivated area in which there grew the sweetest

corn imaginable and the most luscious apples that I have ever tasted. When called upon by the local scientific society for an explanation of this "sport," as, I said, they called it, I demanded a short time for investigation.

Armed with a pickaxe and a shovel, it took me no time to conclude the necessary exploration. I soon discovered that the farming area was situated on the site of an abandoned cemetery. A perusal of the headstones revealed the fact that at least two epidemics had attacked this populace, one of diabetes mellitus and another which had resulted in a large mortality among sufferers with dropsy. The burial of the first group of victims had sweetened the corn while the dropsy victims had supplied the fluid to the luscious apples.

Now it may be wondered how I was able to glean such complete information from the slabs in a cemetery in what might be supposed to be a remote and little known country. That very fact I am anxious to explain as it supplies a very splendid example of German efficiency. At the time of the epidemics referred to, the Germans had been exploiting and improving the district. And, as each native was buried, a headstone was set with a complete history of his malady inscribed on the slab in German in lieu of a useless and untrue epitaph. No detail of the re-

port was missing and in some cases even the fact was added that the case had been reported in the *Medizinische Wochenschrift.*

This awoke in my mind a romantic vision of a German nature-lover betaking himself to a shady nook beneath a tree and, armed with a spyglass, instead of a book of poetry, reviewing, one by one, the histories on the tombstones, and, in this manner, improving his mind during his leisure hours.

I was anxious to know what the Chinese natives thought of this pragmatic manner of making their cemetery at the same time a hall of mortuary statistics and I therefore called a nearby farmer to my side.

"Can you read this German inscription for me?" I asked, pointing to a tombstone which I uncovered.

"No, but I knowee thisle one on tomble stone of myle friend, which German doctor telly me," he answered, taking me to another exposed slab.

This is about what he recited:

"Friedrich Wilhelm Wong (German doctor say this nice name) went to join his honorable ancestors on the 14th of July, 1895. He was the 14th son of the 14th son of the 14th son of the Emperor Wang Chu, and he left the scarlet poppy fields of his beloved home on a green dragon that carried him in glory

to the temple of Confucius, where he now dwells proudly among his honorable forefathers."

This was German efficiency.

CHAPTER V.

He Visits Chorea.

I arrived back at Cashmere fairly well fatigued, as might be expected after a journey of nigh on to six thousand miles, negotiated in less than two months; and that does not allow for the time spent at the royal palace where I discovered that my fountain pen had been unfortunately mistaken for a gold-tipped toothpick which, after a month's usage by the royal family, had been consigned to the waste basket, consonant with the general hygienic principles that I had succeeded in instilling in the royal mind.

I might record that I found the Chinese ruler happy enough to see me back again. He had been slightly troubled, he explained to me, by a trifling incident which he related. I had instructed him and his nobility in the great American game of draw poker and after my departure, with the better chance of winning, the game had become quite popular with the emperor. Now it happened one day that the prime minister held a flush and the emperor sat back of a straight.

"My pot," quoth his royal highness, raking in the yens.

"Nay, nay, a flush witherest a straight like the simoon witherest the blossoms in its path," suggested the premier.

"Tut, tut," replied the emperor, "there have been but few executions lately."

"Well, I know that this morning just before breakfast, when the hands were reversed, you claimed that the flush carries the straight before it as does the Yang-tse-kiang the native huts when she overflows her banks," were the last words of the premier.

With praiseworthy kindliness, the emperor wished

to have the point cleared up so that he might do justice to the poor man's widow and children if perchance he had been in error.

Some time also, during the trip, was consumed in a visit which I made with the view of determining whether the disease whose name is homonymous with Corea might not have been so designated by Sydenham because he discovered there a tribe of people who were affected by the malady; I had long cherished this suspicion, I scarce know why.

My visit proved the correctness of my surmise though I am obliged to state that my scientific enthusiasm placed my anatomical integrity, if not my life, in jeopardy. A call at the office of the Registrar-General of Corea revealed the fact of Sydenham's visit; and, my purpose made clear, I was courteously supplied with a cicerone, who proved himself a diplomat in his own interests but not in mine.

Very soon we reached the province which was situated but two hundred miles in the interior; and it required but a glance to convince me that I had not been mistaken. All about were people practicing choreographic figures; great green swards given over to wild pyrrhic groups; fauns, nymphs and naiads cavorting up and down the rugged hillsides

in corybantic abandon—left New York and Paris with their cabarets far in the background.

Then it was that I perceived to my astonishment that I was attracting more attention than I, even, felt was my due. A crowd was gathering about us and I overheard angry mutterings. When I saw weapons appearing, I turned to my guide, but before I could ask for an explanation of the threatening demonstration, I gaped openmouthed at what I saw. My companion was contorting himself in a manner that did his acrobatic skill great credit; hands and feet, legs and arms were performing choreiform movements, and grimaces completed the picture. Be assured that I understood the lesson that he had not the decency to impart to me, and, in a moment, Sydenham himself would have been proud of my St. Vitus dance. And the excited populace, no longer feeling that there was an intruder in their midst, went on about their individual performances undisturbed.

After this, my guide was strong for departing, but for two reasons, I was just as determined to remain. In the first place I was greatly in hopes that his endurance might prove limited and thus I might learn, with him as the subject, just what these choreic fellows would do to a normal person. In the second place—and this was the more potent factor—I was

anxious to try out the value of lumbar puncture as a curative measure in a series of cases with a view to publication later; this would have been merely a preliminary report.

With the second consideration in view—after giving myself a moderate hypo of strychnine (one grain, I used) to keep me twitching,—I approached some of the natives to enlist their services in the experiment. With the comely and shapely young women I had no success; they invariably opposed my suggestion by submitting that if they were cured of their gyratory habits, they would have small chance of being selected as members of the various ballet organizations which were continually being recruited from their ranks for appearance in the United States. The men, on the other hand, readily agreed, the needle no doubt suggesting to their minds good-sized doses of the much fancied poppy—and I said nothing to disabuse them.

To be brief, I secured twenty subjects, and I drew off 120 c.c. of fluid from each. When I returned in twenty-four hours, I found them in a group completly cured, but trying their best to mimic their afflicted neighbors so as to stall off the ill-concealed doubt of the mob that threatened them. So incensed did I become at this interference with the outcome of my experiment that I forgot for a moment to con-

tinue my own seizure, and was only recalled to my delinquency by a sharp rap on the head. Such a blow must have ordinarily knocked me unconscious but, in this instance, I was so strongly impressed with the necessity of becoming choreic, that I never showed the stun at all, but began at once to perform beautifully. Then I accepted my guide's suggestion to depart.

CHAPTER VI.

He Qualifies As A Detective.

There are, in Cashmere, two clubs which have physicians solely as members, and as there are but thirty-two physicians and surgeons all told in Cashmere, it is evident that the membership of either is somewhat exclusive. Fatigued from my sojourn in Corea, I repaired to the "Colonial," which, with its greater age and therefore greater wealth of tradition, is somewhat more elegant and select.

The manager met me at the entrance and, calling a bell boy, told him to give me the best suite in the house. There being but two available suites, you might suppose, offhand, that the discrimination meant little, but allow me to disillusion you. The room I entered was sumptuous to an extreme. High-ceilinged and with a frescoed wall done in the best native art, the wonderful oriental coloring melted below into a wainscoating curiously wrought of bas relief actualities, if I make myself clear. Picture a forest scene with a marvelous sky, multi-colored birds and stately trees; then below stood splendid

palms with stuffed lions, tigers and even snakes cleverly disposed about. The furnishings were of the richest and most luxurious, both in material and designs; and it was a real pleasure to sink into the carpet to the depth of six inches.

Indeed I had a curious experience with the electricity produced in my body through the contact of my feet with this carpet. As I walked across it, I extended my finger to ring the electric bell and a spark shot from the extended digit four feet through the air to an exposed wire, and the bell rang below in the office with a reverberation that I could plainly hear. This astonished me to such a great degree that I repeated the experiment four times, each time succeeding in ringing the bell, and as a result four boys answered my call which cost me four American silver dollars in tips.

My reason for summoning the bell boy was that I had discovered lying about a number of articles and appurtenances which suggested to me that the room might have been intended for feminine occupancy. The boy who had directed me to the room was able to explain this: having been told to give me the best quarters, he had conducted me to the bridal suite.

After the boys had sufficiently inquired whether I wanted a cocktail, a suit pressed, ice water or shoe

shine, they departed and I resumed my investigations. I was rewarded fully. On the escritoire I came upon a package which I opened, making mental notes of each detail of its investiture as I did so, for in the aroma of the penetrating perfume which emanated from it, I divined a romance which concerned me intimately. The precious little bundle was tied with a reef knot instead of the "granny," more usually used by the members of the fair sex. Inside I found a package of fine Indian cigarettes and a brief note which read,"Dearest, these are for you." The cigarettes bore the name "Æsculapian," which apprised me at once that they came from the Æsculapian Club, the rival physicians' club of Cashmere. Further, it was plain that the wife of a medical man was my inamorata because none other than physicians or their families had access to that club. From the fact of the "reef knot," I concluded that her husband must be a surgeon who had succeeded in teaching her how to make hold all knots but one—the marital. Now there were but six surgeons in Cashmere and only three of these were married, so I promptly eliminated all but three ladies—and all of these three beautiful, divine. For a moment I cast about in my mind for a means of progressing further in my little analysis when my eye suddenly became fixed on the sky-blue-pink of the dainty box which

"What the devil are you doing, Munchausen, in our room?"

held the cigarettes. Like a flash it occurred to me that the cigarettes came in one other color—a flaming scarlet. Of the two shades a blonde would naturally select the pink and a brunette just as surely, the scarlet. My beloved must be a blonde. And that meant that she could be no other than the famous beauty Gwladys—the raving English beauty, but recently married to that inferior surgeon N——.

Wrapped in my musings, I jumped in bed and lay awake dreaming about my everlasting success with the frail sex, and I had progressed to the juncture where this latest fair one was at my feet, like Josephine before Napoleon, imploring me not to discard her, when someone tried the door of my room, first gently, and then shaking it rather rudely, I thought. In a jiffy I was out of bed and had the key turned. I opened the door and there before me stood, in her full glory, the idol of my dream.

"You, here!" I exclaimed, and then I noticed her despicable husband, the inferior surgeon, at her side in time to curb the "darling," which was on my lips. She, poor, frightened thing, stepped back, and he exclaimed roughly, shattering my dream:

"What the devil are you doing, Munchausen, in our room?—our bridal suite!"

"Your room," I sneered; "why the boy directed me here. But I'll get out."

Here the scared little rabbit interposed, perhaps fearing I would step out as I was:

"Why, no, Honey,"—addressing him, the inferior surgeon, "just get the cigarettes I sent you and we can get another room." Her words were soulful.

Back in bed again, I pondered long, deriving the greatest satisfaction from the thought that I had been entirely right in my surmise as to the identity of the divine lady with whom my romance had been so clumsily spoiled by a man who, after all was, and is, an execrable surgeon.

CHAPTER VII.

He Meets The Bootblack.

When I awoke in the morning I pressed the button at the head of the bed with the intention of summoning the bell-hop. What was my surprise to see the door of the bath room swing open and the bath tub, itself, proceed to my side unaided, laying its tracks, as it came, in the same manner as do the caterpillar armored cars in use in war. Indeed, I have every reason to believe that a previous reference of mine to this method of locomotion is responsible for its use at present in warfare. Perhaps such plumbers as may read my narrative may be interested in another little device which was attached to this bath tub. It consisted merely of a dial on which one registered, by turning a screw, the desired temperature and also the height of water wanted. This mechanism does its work accurately, I can give assurance, although on this occasion, my first experience, I unluckily mixed the items and demanded a temperature of 10 degrees and a height of 80 inches with the result that the bell-hop awoke me from my little

beauty sleep when the water began to come into the office downstairs.

I wish to digress for a moment to speak about this matter of beauty sleep and, in general, late morning sleeping. I have always been convinced that the early morning, say until 10 A. M., is the most beneficial time to rest. I know that many physicians will join me in this opinion and yet as a class perhaps we, more than any other, are disturbed by importunate early morning callers. I recall that one night I fell asleep on the operating table in the office of a confrere, and, when he awoke me at 2 A. M., that I offered to buy his office from him for 5,000 dollars and to sell it back to him at ten-fifteen, same day, for 2,000 dollars; and we merely broke on the hour I set; he must have his office to see a patient at nine-thirty. Surely we only rest our bodies during the night and require these few extra morning hours to rest our brains. It is regrettable that doctors' wives do not seem to have either the same need or opinion. At any rate I am sure it is the most *pleasant* time for doctors to sleep.

I proceeded downstairs at twelve o'clock after a hasty toilet. I sauntered over to the bootblack's stand and took a chair to await my turn. A gentleman passed and called to the boy, "Hello, Tony! Looks like rain." Then another stopped for a mo-

ment and addressed the black, "Say, Joe, guess it'll clear up all right." The next visitor stopped for shoe laces and remarked, to Mike this time, that maybe it wouldn't rain after all. Finally I counted fourteen persons who addressed the boot-black by fourteen different names, each baptizing him anew, with a marked Italian preference. My turn come, I asked him his right name and his nationality.

"Frank Woods," he replied, respectfully, looking up surprised; "and I am an American from New York City. I should be disturbed!" he continued. "Such cases merely exhibit their ethnological and meteorological ignorance."

I was at once attracted by the expression "such cases merely exhibit," and suspecting that it must have been acquired through medical association, I inquired if such was not the case.

"Of course it was," came the answer. "Right here in this club I have seen and heard (doctors sometime talk shop) many doctors and some medical men. Then, before I came here, I was employed in the dissecting-room of a large American medical school."

"Indeed," I commented; "tell us about it."

"Sure I will," he said. "The college is in New York City on the West side. I stayed there for about a year, though I never fancied it much. It

wasn't that the rows of stark corpses, in the dissecting room, with their sightless eyes, affected me so much, but then the habit that the boys had of striding along, gory, between the rows of tables, with their white shirts or gowns on, sleeves rolled up and pipes everlastingly upside down in the corner of the mouth gave me the impression after a while that they were pacing the deck of a pirate frigate. That idea gradually got on my nerves and I began to think of myself as a prospective victim. The finishing touches came sure enough one night." He paused to reply to a passerby that it might not rain.

"Go on, I'm interested," I urged.

"All right. That night I was alone excepting for a single serious student who was occupied at his dissection at the far end of the room. For all the company he afforded, he might have been absent. There were only two burners alight, one over his table and one just where I was working and they, with their spluttering and flickering, added only to the weirdness and loneliness. Suddenly, just as I was whistling the Chopin 'Funeral March,' in an attempt to dispel the gloom and, at the same time, to cheer up my companion, there came hurtling from somewhere a missile that extinguished my light and then dropped softly into my eye. I waited long

enough to determine that it was a right kidney and then I beat it to the door and out. I had always had a distinct antipathy to kidneys, anyway, and never even could eat kidney stew. Perhaps a scientific gentleman such as you, had you seen me make my way down Tenth Avenue, would have said that it must have been an adrenal that struck me—in view of the work of Crile, published later,—but I can assure you I had stopped long enough to make out the markings of a right kidney by tactile sense, so I am certain on that point."

"Well," I asked, "kidney or adrenal, when did the fear, I mean stimulation, stop?"

"Stop? Why I soon found myself at the battery and there, tugging gently at its moorings, lay a row boat. In a jiffy I was in it and pulling blindly at the oars. I kept it up until finally, after days, I bumped into a wharf and heard voices conversing in a foreign tongue. I looked about me for the first time since that eventful night, not the least bit fatigued, either, and I discovered I had landed at India."

"Tut, tut," I interrupted deprecatingly, "kindly remember that I am Munchausen."

CHAPTER VIII.

He Is Overcome By A Medical Discussion.

I took my leave of the bootblack of the Colonial Club of Cashmere and proceeded to the spacious library of the club with the intention of whiling away an hour or two among the books and magazines. Smilingly, I regarded the placard admonishing silence because while the room itself was quiet enough, with only myself and the librarian within it, the loud tones of excited discussion intruded themselvēs from a lounging-room adjoining.

I was principally interested in looking over the current magazines, medical and lay, with which this club fully supplied itself. As I went from one to another, I came at length upon *The Medical Quip*, and I must admit that I experienced a pang of disappointment as I discovered a complete file of this worthy monthly looking clean and unsoiled, clearly revealing a lack of perusal on the part of the members. With fire in my eye and the file of Quip in my hand, I approached the librarian.

"How," I demanded of that innocent little miss, "does it come that this excellent publication, *The Medical Quip*, wants entirely for readers as evidenced by its unsoiled pages?"

"Because," she softly purred, "every one of the thirty-eight physicians in Cashmere subscribes for Quip and each reads his own copy."

You can imagine that I was thoroughly delighted with her reply and I spent a few minutes glancing through some back numbers to renew old acquaintances.

Louder had become the discussion in the adjoining room and as I stood listening, I heard one of the speakers make this declaration:

"But it was not that the disorientation and dizziness as a medical problem baffled us but the patient, himself, injected a legal issue into the matter. It seems that, as a result of his vertigo,, the man experienced a sensation of standing on his left ear. We might have been able to cope with that *per se*, but in feeling himself in that strange position he seemed to get a glimpse of his wife's features from an undesirable angle and the view proved really quite objectionable to him. We were never able to verify his protests or indeed to disprove their justice, and our peculiar forensic laws gave heed to his claims and he was granted a divorce, after which he promp-

tly betook himself out of our reach and, more particularly, beyond that of his outraged spouse. The case appears in full in *Forensic Medicine* for April."

Without further delay I entered the lounging room, anxious to take part in the discussion. As I entered Dr. Wayward Belcher, a celebrated stomach specialist, was speaking:

"Well, gentlemen," he was saying, "I am able to report that I have seen, within the last month, ninety-eight cases of gastric cancer, with the diagnosis made in every case before operation. But what I am more proud to relate is that in one hundred and ten cases of ulcer, seen in the same period, my diagnosis was correct in the full quota. Of course, I made use of my 'Time Table' in locating the situation of the ulcer, and so valuable is the relation of pain in point of time to the period of food ingestion that in only two cases was there an error regarding site. In these two the ulcers proved to be not duodenal, as I announced, but gastric; but, gentlemen, they were both just this side of the pylorus, only an error of perhaps a half inch in either case. Furthermore, I found that my assistants had failed to make the logarithmic corrections, required by my 'Time Table,' for the temperature of the food."

I realized that I couldn't beat this and I felt my-

self getting a little hot and dizzy. I was about to attempt to equal it when Belcher continued:

"When I saw my last case opened and my diagnosis about to be confirmed, establishing my series, you can be sure my heart was in my throat."

This was the cue for Larangal, throat specialist, who broke in:

"Speaking about the throat, I am glad to tell you that with my modification of the Sluder-Beck-Riveri Pavane-Reinhardt-Wilton-Wassalof-Larangal Tonsillotome, I have removed one hundred and forty-seven tonsils in twenty days, to my complete satisfaction."

"To your complete satisfaction," suavely commented Cashmere's foremost surgeon. "Let's see, one hundred and forty-seven tonsils; that means seventy-three cases and an odd tonsil——"

"Nothing of the kind," snapped back Larangal. I lost his words in the buzz in my ears and the dizziness and flush of heat that was overcoming me. I know when I am outclassed.

"Well," continued the surgeon, completely ignoring his colleague after the manner of surgeons, "my seventy-five appendectomies in a fortnight outdoes Larangal's cases in point of numbers, and all of my *patients* were completely satisfied."

Larangal broke in here with a savage rejoinder,

but I was seeing black, voices sounded far away, darkness descended and——

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When I came to, late the same day, my friend, the bootblack, was bending over me, applying cold cloths to my head and smelling salts to my nostrils. Anxiously I asked him what had happened.

"Remain very quiet, Dr. Munchausen," he commanded, "and I'll tell you. You just fainted. It was too much for you. You should join the doctors more often in their social gatherings and you'd soon get used to their little habit of exaggeration."

CHAPTER IX.

He Irritates An Asthmatic.

The kindly interest in my welfare, exhibited by the slightly egotistic bootblack, appealed to my generous and altruistic nature so much that I proffered to him a chance to become my retinue, which he promptly accepted. I explained that we were leaving Cashmere for Mandalay early the next morning and, inasmuch as it was my habit to travel as much as possible along unfrequented routes, mostly afoot, relying occasionally upon a chance conveyance, I advised him to limit his luggage; for myself, I managed to get along with two moderately sized trunks and a handbag, which it would become his duty to carry. He seemed content to abandon all personal apparel and belongings except his bootblack stand and chair, and with these,which I obligingly strapped across his back, it was interesting to see how well he got along. Of course, to me this was no cause for surprise or compliment because on one occasion, many years before, I had reason to transfer the entire contents of one well-furnished home from one

town to another during the hours that elapsed between twilight and the dawn of the next day, entirely unaided by man or beast; some little legal complication made it inadvisable for me to ask any help. Neither was I awed by the prospect nor fatigued by its consummation, because I remember that after disposing of the very last load, I returned, detached and conveyed a very fine Flemish mantelpiece to my new abode rather than let it fall into the hands of my rapacious and inartistic creditors.

We made excellent progress despite the wildness of the country but it was not until we reached a village somewhere in the neighborhood of Alahabad that our wisdom in carrying along a bootblack outfit was proved. Despite the fact that the inhabitants of these parts were veritable wild men—cannibals, even, I think possible—the medical men among them exhibit a most praiseworthy interest in the advances announced in scientific medicine.

We had just come to rest in a beautiful dell outside of this little settlement and had given ourselves over to admiration of the charm of our surroundings. My companion, the bootblack, evinced considerable interest in the flora and busied himself in squeezing out the fruit and nuts of various species, in the hope of discovering new ingredients for

shoe polishes, which I offered to place on the market for him. For my part I was promptly attracted by the remarkable plumage of our feathered neighbors that awoke the dell with their paean of song. Mostly though, as a physician, my attention focused on the very strong odor emanating from them, which I already realized was producing in me an attack of bronchial asthma. At this very moment, there burst out of the nearby forest a very strange figure, indeed. It was a body surmounted by what seemed to be a head that was frothing at the mouth; such a face as is familiar to Americans from their observation of the advertisements for various shaving soaps which adorn the billboards prominently displayed about the cities. As he came nearer, it struck me that perhaps a better simile would have been to say that his head resembled the fruit of the Pissepewa tree. It may be that my readers are not familiar with the celebrated Pissepewa tree that grows on the uttermost heights of the southern Himalayas. But more of that anon.

As the wild man approached us, I was able to perceive that the froth was caused by the fact that he was eating the feathers of a bird, a handful of which he pushed into his capacious maw from time to time. I addressed him in Hindustani, but it was not until I had exhausted twenty-six different dialects that he

showed signs of recognition. Then I learned that he was a sufferer from spasmodic bronchial asthma, and that, having determined by skin tests that he was sensitized to the protein emanation from the feathers of a bird of the locality, he came daily to our dell, snared a number of birds and then ate the feathers.

Just by way of making conversation—which I am sure is a stupid habit—I inquired whether he employed the "scratch" or the intradermal method in making his protein tests, and foolishly interpolated that I preferred the former. He immediately flew up in the air, both literally and figuratively, and informed me that he had but very recently completed his last meal on a confrere of his who had expressed a like preference, but luckily, for him, my flesh was white and perhaps more tender. It occurred to me that medical discussions in the Orient grew even more acrid than those in the Occident, but I really did not credit his intentions as being violent until suddenly, his fury increasing as I casually dropped that I had Walker of Boston on my side, he began to encircle me in what I knew only too well to be a war dance.

Just as I began to become a little bit alarmed, especially as my Colt was resting deep down at the bottom of my steamer trunk, my attention, and his, too, was arrested by the earnestness exhibited by

my little friend, the bootblack, who had broken into the potential and dangerous circle that the bushman was weaving, and there on his knees was rubbing his boots into a shine that shot the sun back in blinding rays, meantime whistling a ragtime tune even louder than my newly acquired enemy could shout. I caught the boy's signal and I bended over him, with assumed interest, to examine his boots. Closer and closer I put my nose, and we both shook our heads most wisely. Finally, the wild man could no longer restrain his curiosity, and he stopped his antics and dirge and joined us about the mirror-like footgear. As his admiration awoke in his eyes, the bootblack (who afterward explained that while he didn't understand a word, he didn't fancy the big stiff's behavior) pointed to the Hindu's sandals and with sign language indicated that he would do the same for him. Off came the sandals and up jumped the bootblack and off at top speed across a cactus field, sandals in hand. I took the hint and was not far behind him, you may be sure. Our friend made just one wild leap after us onto a particularly robust cactus, and as I looked back over my shoulder I thought once more how much his frothing face resembled the fruit of the Pissepewa tree, and I resolved then and there to take the bootblack right

up to the top of a nearby mountain to see this extraordinary type of flora as a reward for his ready wit in an emergency.

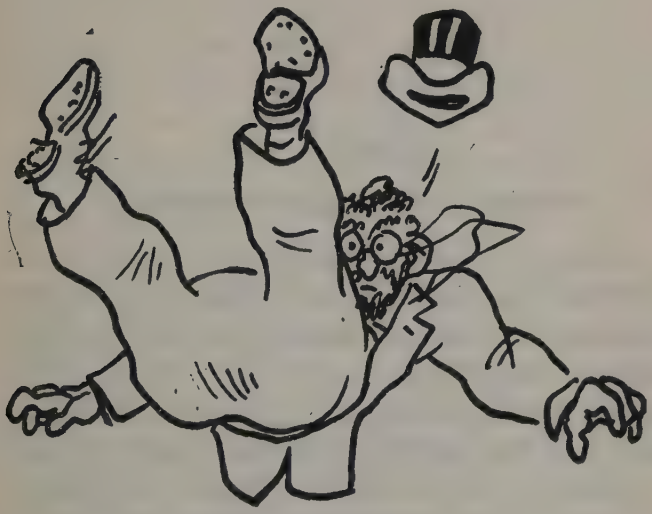
CHAPTER X.

He Climbs the Pissepewa Tree.

The bootblack was delighted, and as I lightened his load by one bag, we made excellent progress. That night we camped very near the summit of the mountain where it was so cold that we slept close to a fire, wrapped in the skins of mountain lions, which we were obliged to sacrifice for that purpose. Off early the next morning, we were soon at our destination. The Pissepewa trees—which are perenially weighed down with fruit, such as I have already described, the size of a cocoanut, and of the appearance of a well-lathered face; a most succulent and luscious fruit—grow in rows along the side of the deep gorges. In this manner the fruit continually falling down into these chasms, ten thousand and more feet, gradually fill them up, until in many places one can walk from the top of one peak to another, across a gorge that was once three to five miles deep.

I proceeded at once to climb a very high tree and soon found myself amongst its topmost branches. Then I made a mistake that, but for my resource-

fulness, might have turned out very unpleasantly, to say the least. I ventured too far out on a branch on the side of the gorge and, before I had a chance to retreat, my weight bore down the branch so that I found myself twenty feet out, over a twenty thousand foot chasm, with merely the strength of the branch between me and the bottom of it. For one moment I pondered and then I extracted from my pocket an ordinary baby scale, such a one as forms a part of the equipment of every *bona fide* obstetrician. Next I picked the fruit from the branch that bore me, one by one, and weighed each before I threw it into the waiting abyss. It was perfectly clear to me that whenever I had relieved the branch of sufficient fruit to exactly equal my weight, the branch must return to its upright position. However, I will confess some little anxiety, solely scientific, as I approached one hundred and sixty-five pounds and two ounces of fruit. But I can assure my reader, on my word of honor, that the branch shot up at exactly that figure. Unfortunately, I had become so immersed in my calculations that I neglected to take a firm grip on my branch and the rebound was so sharp that I was hurtled through the air and, after what seemed a long trip, I landed down at the bottom of an adjacent gorge, comfortably enough on the soft bedding of Pissepewa fruit, learning also



I landed at the bottom of a gorge.

that my recent seemingly perilous position carried with it less danger than I thought.

As for the bootblack, whom I had left unwittingly high and dry, I was not much concerned. He could follow me if he wished, but if I were he, I felt nothing would please me better than to settle right down to my trade where he was, in the heights of the Himalayas. That would test his mettle; anyone can succeed at bootblacking along the Great White Way of New York City.

CHAPTER XI.

He Reports on Hypnosis-Anaesthesia.

Arriving at Imphal, I was greatly surprised, and somewhat chagrined, to find a delegation from the representative medical societies of the town awaiting me just outside the gates of the city. It was a pretentious enough group, both in pomp and numbers, and it had been augmented by the citizenry to such an extent that a procession at least one mile in length was formed. The glamour was further enhanced by the presence of a number of floats in the ranks, and I was particularly struck by the fact that the subjects all tended to glorify the physician, himself, rather than to offer any hygienic or medical commonplaces for public consumption. First, in line, came a huge symbolic general practitioner. He was a tall, shambling, raw-boned individual, shading his hungry eyes as he sighted a nearby building designated as "Poor House." I noticed later that, as we paraded through the town, this float was received with great guffaws and shouts of laughter by the multitudes that lined the streets. The specialist, as such, was not sym-

bolized, but there followed a succession of floats, each devoted to what I learned was a very excellent effigy of some one specialist, in the various lines, occupied in performing some operation or procedure in which he was particularly skilled. In the background, there inevitably appeared the patient's family, busily employed in proffering great wads of money in return for his skill and goodness.

Nothing palls upon me quite so much as the plaudits and adulation of the deluded populace, and it can be well believed that I was mighty glad when this unwelcome function, that had been thoughtlessly provided for me, was at an end, and I found myself the guest of honor at a distinguished reception arranged for me. That evening I was indeed a dull guest and, excepting for the recital of a few mild adventures and the delivery of a brief talk on the history of occidental medicine, I remained solely on the receiving end of all conversation and entertainment.

I impressed my host, who was president of the county medical association and also rajah of the principality,—indeed all of the doctors of any prominence held titles of marked distinction and exercised laudable political activity, in marked contrast to our occidental habit,—with the fact that in visiting their hospitals and clinics, I should be

principally interested in seeing such operations or procedures as showed the employment of methods distinctly oriental. He assured me that my wishes should be respected, and upon our arrival, the next morning, at six thirty, at "The Hospital of the United Specialists," I found that I was to witness, following fifteen routine operations, a demonstration of the use of hypnosis-anaesthesia.

In the course of waiting, I observed one or two points of interest, which I might mention. First of all, in the ordinary operation for inguinal hernia, no emphasis was laid on the importance of suturing the internal oblique to Poupart's ligament, the point being made that since the lesion concerned the internal ring and the sac only, the important element was to deal effectively with the latter structure. Then, in every laparotomy on the female, no matter what the cause, the fimbriated end of the tube was securely attached to the ovary of the same side, and my cicerone assured me that the occurrence of abdominal ectopics was unknown following this procedure. But my greatest interest was excited by a little contrivance known as a "Locater," to give it the English equivalent. This consisted merely of what appeared to be a metal ball attached to a thick strand of catgut. Whatever the constituents of the ball, it had been endowed with a sort

of chemotactic activity, so that, when inserted through the abdominal wound, it would promptly find its way to the location of any tumor formation, of no matter what character. I learned, to my amazement, that it was being further perfected so that it would be able to wend its mysterious way to the site of any pathological lesion within the cavity. My regrets at my inability to worm out the secret of its preparation were augmented by the thought that it would prove a boon in many quarters in other countries I had visited.

Finally, the time came for the performance of hypnosis-anaesthesia on a woman who thought she had swallowed her false teeth. She insisted that her husband had purposely placed them in the glass of drinking water at her bedside, while be emphatically denied this. In his favor lay the fact that the Lambda rays (an improvement on the Roentgen rays that reveals even such refinements as the microscopic structure of the viscera to the observer) failed to reveal their presence within her. Therefore, our surgeon had decided to make only a skin and fascia incision, sew up, and then present her with a set of false teeth, which had supposedly been recovered. It was explained to me that in what we ordinarily consider chloroform anaesthesia by the drop method, having the patient count as we administer it, we

were merely accomplishing a species of hypnosis which they carried but slightly further in employing a neutral mixture and having the subject fix her eyes far back on a shining object held in the hands of the anaesthetist.

Everything went through quite according to schedule; the patient did not remonstrate any more than many I have seen treated to cocaine anaesthesia; the incision was made, sutured up, and within a few minutes, thoroughly awake, she was handed the nice, clean, brand new set of teeth, which, considering that hers had seen some wear, was quite an advantage to her.

I thought at the time that she regarded them rather suspiciously, however, and therefore I was not surprised when I learned through a letter from my host that, finding they did not fit her, and this reinforced by the fact (as my envious and petty corespondent put it) "that owing to the unskillful and incomplete anaesthesia, she seemed to remember all the conversation that took place during the 'fraud' (she called it in court)" the lady sued and recovered twenty-five hundred rupees; two thousand for injury and the deception she had undergone, and five hundred, the learned jurist put it, because in the report of the operation the surgeon affirmed that he had also performed the suture of

the Fallopian tubes to the ovaries, as demanded in all laparotomies by law, and for which the woman would now be obliged to pay another and more honest physician at some later period.

CHAPTER XII.

He Visits the Hygienic Hamlet

It was not far out of Imphal that I came across what seemed a small settlement, entirely enclosed by a high wall. I sought out the only gateway and, while still far from it, I was haled by unmistakable orders to halt. I distinguished two men guarding the approach, and they were occupied in wild gesticulating that evidently was intended for me, as I was the only other person in sight. So little did I deign to notice them, that I only desisted in my advance when a shot rang out, and a few seconds later I scooped up in my palm a bullet as it ricocheted from the ground a few feet in front of me. By this time I suspected that this was one place where my presence was not welcome.

I got out my binoculars in order to study these impolite fellows, and I was greatly surprised at the result of my view. Each of them appeared to be not less than one hundred and fifty years old. I am competent to judge this matter as I have on record the only case of a *bona fide* patient of one hundred and

thirty-seven years of age. Both were toothless as could be distinguished when, from time to time, the gauze mask that hid the face was momentarily raised to shout some words in my direction. Before replacing the mask, my enemies would lift a cup to the lips and apparently gargle with some fluid that it held, as if contaminated by the very converse with me. I could make out that the heads were closely clipped and that the hands were covered with surgeon's gloves. Disgusted, I turned on my heel and pursued my journey.

After fording the Chindwin River at a point where it had never previously been crossed, because of the treacherous whirlpool, I reached the town of Mawlaik, and I promptly sought out an old medical friend to discover the cause of my recent unpleasant reception. This friend, whom I had not visited for many years, was an everlasting complainant about poor business, and you may be sure that I was overjoyed to see a pretentious emblem suspended from his watch chain, with the letters "G.P.", plainly displayed.

"Aha!" cried I. "A present from a grateful patient at last."

"No, you blunderhead," quoth he. "That means 'General Practitioner,' and it's a present from my wife."

"But," I continued, "you are doing better, aren't you now?"

"Yes," he admitted, "we have a little scheme now that works out fairly well. Whenever we find a patient getting restive and showing signs of an impending visit to a specialist, we anticipate the declaration and suggest it. Next, we advise our patient that, in order to protect himself from too large a fee, he is to represent himself as *very, very* poor. Under those conditions, they are all sent back to us and we are holding our practices together."

Now I came to the real object of my visit, the recent repulse I had suffered, and I found to my gratification that my colleague was able to inform me completely about Kalewa, or, as he called it, the Hygienic Hamlet of the Hindus.

This town was devised and established with the idea of testing the application of the most advanced hygienic and preventive theories in controlling morbidity and mortality. It originated with a little band of martyrs who foreswore all contact with the outside world for all time, for themselves and their offspring. At birth every child was vaccinated against typhoid, typhus, influenza, smallpox, guenda and a host of other diseases. The Schick test and circumcision were performed. Next came tonsillectomy, and then the teeth were removed as soon as

they appeared. The original band was Wassermanized and they abjured intimate marital contact for sufficient time for any evidence of venereal disease to be cured. The dietetic and general hygienic regulations and restrictions were most rigid, but the ascetic little group adhered faithfully to them.

The experiment had endured over a century already, much to my surprise that we of the western world had never before heard of it. Now statistics were gradually being accumulated.

Learning that the records were open to me at the county registrar's office, I took leave of my friend and hurried over to that functionary. He promptly placed the files at my disposal.

There could be no doubt, from my perusal of the figures, that the incidence of contagious and infectious diseases had fallen off tremendously—figures that would make liars of any health official in even puritanical old New England. The mortality from the chronic diseases of advanced age—if it could be said there was any advanced age where the experimenters, of over a century in age, claimed that we do not yet know what is "advanced age"—had also reached a low figure. All in all, it appeared that the experiment was a great success according to the reports of those most nearly concerned. It occurred to me, however, to turn over the pages and get a

view of the health situation of the district in its entirety, and then I made a wonderful discovery. I found that although the figures for the special conditions, given prominence in the previous report, still held their own, yet the mortality rate for the Hygienic Hamlet of the Hindus was about the same as that for any other neighboring town. What was gained in syphilis was lost to intestinal diseases because of the absent teeth. What was gained in one infection was lost in a greater susceptibility to another, owing to the absence of protective bacterial organisms. But the greatest single factor in spoiling their results was the tremendous increase of suicides. Think of it, no wine, no women, no jazz!

The genial registrar added one piece of information with a chuckle, which, I think, merits repeating. His own town of Mawlaik was in an exact tie for mortality rate last year with the Hygienic Hamlet when the decision was diverted in a peculiar way in favor of his beloved Mawlaik.

Because of the fact that no contact was permitted between the inhabitants of the Hygienic City and the rest of the world, it had been devised that such communications as became necessary were to be projected from within their walls by means of a mortar which shot them to a safe distance without. Now, it happened that the registrar, within the sacred pre-

cincts, had been a rather lazy person who had prepared only the briefest of reports. These came forth from the mouth of the cannon to the waiting messenger from Mawlaik in so small a bulk that he had developed the habit of catching them on the fly with perfect impunity and very great skill. But for some reason, probably his insufferable laziness, this registrar had been superseded by another who had prepared, on the occasion of the last annual report, a voluminous and heavy package, which formed quite a charge, to go over the ramparts. The unfortunate messenger, unaware of the change, made an abdominal instead of a manual catch of this, and succumbed later at the hospital within the walls of the Hygienic City where they were obliged to convey him.

This one death just raised the mortality figure of the Hygienic City a single point above that of Mawlaik, much to the despair of everyone in the one town and the joy of everyone in the other, with the exception of the wives and troop of children of the victim—who, however, became a local hero in Mawlaik.

CHAPTER XIII.

He Unearths a Cancer Cure.

Arriving at Monywa, I decided to lounge about a bit, without the least expectation of finding anything to interest or divert me in this one-elephant town. Some of my leisure I spent in my hotel but, for the most part, I made little excursions into the surrounding country, including hunting trips and superficial investigations of the flora and fauna of the neighborhood. On one of these occasions, I happened across a plant that yielded, upon incision, a peculiar pungent gum-resinous sap which, coming into contact with a stubborn patch of eczema upon my palm, seemed promptly to heal it. I made inquiries at my hotel, and they were able to direct me to a most scientific physician who, I was assured, was also a botanist and chemist of no mean order. This gentleman, starved as he was for scientific association, greeted me most cordially, and, upon learning that my errand concerned the healing properties of the specimen, which he promptly identified as the *gringus amoraceous*, cryptically observed that I awakened in him a flood of most fascinating remin-

iscences by my inquiry. You may be sure that I importuned him for an explanation and he, in turn, very readily yielded to my curiosity. Tiffin first, he insisted, for this splendid old fellow with his admixture of English blood, still adhered to what was inbred. After that, out came the nargileh and the brandy and soda and there under the swaying palms, I received from my friend a clue that put me on the way to a great discovery.

"My dear Munchausen," he began, "we have fallen on desolate times. The erstwhile noble city of Monywa, upon which you probably look with disdainful scientific eyes, once proudly reared her head as the peer of all advanced centres, oriental and occidental both. But commercialism has grown and, like a rank weed, has stifled out all but a lust for money. Where are the astronomers of yesteryear?"

"Are you fond of Villon?" I struck in, hoping to stifle *him* off.

"No," he replied, reddening, but continuing just the same. "The Brokhas in surgery, the Mojaks in mathematics and the masters in medicine, whither are they gone!"

"But," I suggested, "the *gringus amoraceous* still survives, and it was about that species I inquired."

He ignored my interruption and continued:

"Among the masters of the last, the craft that is

dear to your heart and to mine, Munchausen, was Abdullah Malachii, of whom I find it my pleasure to tell you in connection with the plant with which you are concerned. He was the nestor of medicine throughout all India. He objected to this title as he insisted that it was a pretty enough endearment but, in the United States, it was usually conferred upon one who had already passed his era of usefulness. His scientific attainments were remarkable, springing largely from an immense and unbounded interest and an indefatigable capacity for effort. You must know that at the time of his activities, as, indeed, unhappily still, cancer was the especial scourge of this province. It was natural that Abdullah Malachii should turn his attention in that direction. He promptly collected a complete library of the literature on the subject and then settled down to a most intensive study, covering both the laboratory and the clinical phases. After the lapse of two years, while the world waited with bated breath, there came from the press of the institute, which perpetuates his name, a learned pamphlet embodying his studies, but, to the amazement and chagrin of all, no word as to his conclusions and results from the therapeutic side. No, not a single word, except for the bare mention of a salve, principally composed of an extract of the *gringus amoraceous*, the

plant about which you inquired. Thus he left us, mortified and humiliated, while he plunged deep into the study of two great writers on subjects entirely foreign, one Francis Bacon and a certain William Shakespeare, about the credit for whose literary productions, I believe, there exists some controversy."

My host puffed on his nargileh and fell into a deep revery. My acute mind had received a cue and I disturbed him only far enough to inquire where I could gain access to the complete writings of Abdullah Malachii, and then, with profuse thanks, took my leave. Somewhere in his text I felt sure I should discover revealed what use was to be made of this salve, which, I had a presentiment, held the secret of the cure of this dread malady.

At the Malachii Institute, I was received with mild interest, but I was directed by the somnolent librarian to the proper shelves. Fourteen octavo volumes, I found, constituted the entire output of my author, and I forthwith weeded out all that did not concern itself with his work on cancer. With eight tomes of approximately five hundred pages each, I proceeded in my search for an announcement in cryptic form of the function of the salve in the treatment of cancerous growths. I was familiar with all the codes which had been employed in at-

tempting to solve the true authorship of the works parading under the name of William Shakespeare, as well as many others unknown to the students of this theme.

After fourteen days of close application I came to the end of my labor. In a chapter, captioned merely "Cancer," I hit upon the following sentence which attracted my eye and attention because of its clumsy and bombastic construction:

> "*All types follow the announced scheme—an attack that attempts as a primal cruelty to avulse, sever or uproot poorly or say undersupplied areas arising thro assault.*"

After unsuccessfully employing several of the more involved codes to its solution, I suddenly applied the simplest one of all with immediate success. Counting the number of letters in the chapter heading, viz: "Cancer," I found I had six letters, and then using every sixth letter in the quoted sentence, I formed another sentence which told the amazing secret. Observe:

> "All t*y*pes fo*l*low the *a*nnounced sc*h*eme—
> an a*t*tack t*h*at attempts as a prim*a*l cru*e*lty
> to a*v*ulse, s*e*ver or *u*proot *p*oorly *o*r say *u*n-
> dersupplied *a*reas *a*rising *t*hro *a*ssault."

Thus I had the sentence:

> "*Place the salve upon parts.*"

When I announced my results to the astounded populace, I became on the instant a national hero, and that night I stole away from the embarrassment of suffering a form of worship that is entirely unwelcome to my disposition.

CHAPTER XIV.

He Discovers the Bacillus Caloricus.

Those of my readers, whose fortune it has been to travel through the country of which I have been speaking, will remember that about half way between Mawlaik and Kyokta, *en route* for Mandalay, progress is impeded by the Lake of Kathoka, a body of water equalling at least the combined area of any three of the Great Lakes of North America. No doubt, such a traveller was obliged to detour hundreds of miles out of his way in continuing his journey. Confronted by such a dilemma, I met it face to face, and, accomplished boatman, navigator and shipbuilder that I had become (largely through my thorough study of the works of Joseph Conrad), I got in touch with a real live lumberman and labor operator of the neighborhood, and within ten days we had built and launched as pretty a little sailing craft as is likely to grace these waters for many a year to come. Within two days, spent in provisioning and shipping a crew, we set sail with sixteen souls in all on board, providing for the greater pro-

portion of them the thrill and experience of their life time.

We could proudly feel that we constituted a pioneer band, traversing uncharted waters, because, while the native in his prau was no stranger to the advantages of such a method of travel, still he never ventured far off shore, especially as this sea was renowned throughout all India for the terrific storms that shook its depths. Of these we were destined to learn more at first hand.

One of the strange things that very soon caught my attention was the fact that while we had already sailed out of sight of land, and lay in forty fathoms of water, still we were surrounded by the upper reaches of tremendous trees which poked their stately branches up through the dark and lashing waters about us. Exactly such a vista we passed through as I remember was depicted in our seventh-in-the-grammar geography as representing the forest streams along the Amazon. Nor were the wildly luxuriant foliage, varicolored birds and gliding snakes absent from the picture. When we had left these behind, everything was plain sailing for us. I assumed the position of first mate, flattering the vanity of a native sailor with the belief that he captained the craft. I piloted the sturdy vessel entirely by the shadows cast by the sun on a rudely

constructed sun dial during the day, and I depended upon my rather complete knowledge of the stars at night. Along we skimmed merrily enough until the morning of the third day when I espied on the horizon a mere speck of a cloud, but one that, as our foresail resounded with the boom of a cannon to the puff of wind that caught it at the moment, warned me that we were sailing into one of the famous typhoons for which Lake of Kathoka is noted.

A word about the topography of the country will, perhaps, make the cause of these violent storms, in this particular locality, clearer. The body of water on which we were sailing was surrounded on four sides by chains of the Himalayas. The lake itself, then, lay in a valley. Now as a great wind swept across this space with a high velocity, it was thrown back from the mountains on the opposite side very much as an echo might be. Crashing against the proximate side, back again it went, being thrown from wall to wall like a shuttlecock. Meantime another blast that had followed this one across the mountain and into the valley would meet its predecessor from time to time, perhaps in midstream, with a detonation like the thunder of Jove. And it happened that a ship that might be pitching madly from side to side, caught in the line of this impact of two opposing forces, would, for the mo-

And it happened that a ship would be lifted from the surface of the water.

ment, be lifted from the surface of the water to stand as rigidly and erectly balanced as if she lay in drydock. Such was our experience on several occasions on that eventful morning.

In a jiffy I had our hatches battened down, our sails reefed, and with the spanker replaced by our mizzen, we careened dizzily ahead. For the most part, we lay abeam, first to the one side and then to the other, depending upon which wave of wind reached us, and it got so that I could tell pretty accurately which gust would get to us at any moment; indeed I won two boxes of cigars from the captain through my greater skill at this game. But the most delicious sensation occurred as the two forces came against each other just where we lay. I can only describe it as most nearly like the pleasurable moment I experienced when, as an infant, my mother lifted me from my crib as I squirmed and screamed in the throes of colic. So wildly were the tremendous waves breaking over us that it had become necessary to lash ourselves to the masts, when suddenly, just as suddenly as it had broken, with but a sigh and a sough, the storm passed away and left us becalmed. The captain insisted that he could see the wind in successive waves pass over the distant mountains. But I denied this as the mountains were not in sight, and I explained to him that

he merely saw the play of sunlight through the mist that was being swept away.

The typhoon was succeeded by a calm such as is only known to sailors on the Southern seas, and the midday sun beat down upon us in torrid rays. The temperature kept on rising and when my clinical thermometer broke at one hundred and ten, I had no other means of determining it. However, one little incident will afford some idea of what we endured. The water casks had broken loose during the storm and, to the dismay of the thirsty passengers, we found that their contents had escaped and were now swishing about in the bilge. Then it was that I procured from my medical stores, two thin glass, well-tempered flasks. By exposing the neck of each *to the sun*, I drew them out and welded the prolongations together so as to form a very acceptable still. With this, employing the heat of the sun to vaporize the sea water and the play of several tubes of ethyl chloride to condense, I very soon offered to the famished company, a very poculent beverage of distilled water.

But my troubles were not at an end. The heat was increasing all the time, and suddenly one person tumbled over in what I soon determined was a condition of heat prostration. Then over went the others until, in the twinkling of an eye, I had four-

teen cases on my hands. Here, as it turned out, was the event that made the trip worth while for me and particularly for the rest of the world. I bled the victims in succession, and then, between times, I cultured the blood of each, when lo, to my intense surprise and delight, I was able to isolate with absolute uniformity a tetra-bacillus from every specimen which I thereupon christened the *tetra bacillus caloricus*. Still feeling that my test was not complete, I injected an emulsion of the organism into the arms of the captain and the one other unaffected member of our pilgrims, who submitted on the suggestion that it might immunize them, and within a few minutes, I had the pleasure of seeing both of them lying helpless on the deck. This clinched my discovery, but it left me as the sole survivor, to act as both commander and crew. The fact that my adventures do not terminate here is assurance that I was equal to the task.

CHAPTER XV.

He Visits an Endocrinological Laboratory.

Just as the first thing to engage the attention of the visitor in the approach to New York City is the attractive panorama of sky scrapers, at Chicago, the stock-yards and at Paris, the Eifel Tower piercing the heavens, so at Gringaire one seems to enter a gigantic zoological garden. And my scientific appetite was unusually whetted when I learned that the array of indigenous animals, wild and domestic, was assembled mainly for the purpose of experimentation, largely in relation to internal glandular activity. The entire settlement had been constructed and established as a vast biological laboratory. Here the zoo, there a building assigned to animal experimentation, then a surgery and so on. All the inhabitants, too, appeared imbued with the spirit of the surroundings, and seemed largely occupied in driving sheep, leading steer or chasing chickens. I found the general equipment thorough beyond all possible expectation, and the advanced state of their technique and activity is best illustrated by the fact

that Crile's books were being republished by the local press for general distribution (disregarding the copyright, by the way), and when I mentioned Kendall's Thyroxin, the Director selected a vial from the shelf, labelled "Synthetic Thyroxin, 1903," and, handing it to me, remarked, "Send it to Charlie Mayo with my regards."

Divining my interest, the Director graciously placed himself at my disposal for the afternoon, assuring me that while in the main he could show only such results as I must be familiar with, still there were several cases that were somewhat out of the ordinary.

This gentleman's modesty immediately became evident when the first case he presented was one in which the pituitary of an elephant had been transplanted into the sella turcica of a diminutive man (I viewed his photograph, taken before the experiment), who had grown to elephantine proportions.

Next, we stopped at the room (every subject was provided with a separate apartment) of another man of gigantic stature. It occurred to me that no doubt the same procedure had been followed in this case, but my companion corrected my impression with a pleased twinkle in his eye.

"Your experimenters have signally failed with the thymus, I take it, on the basis of all reports that

have come to our hands, and I believe they are complete," he half questioned.

"No, not entirely," I returned. "There is a laboratory in the Western part of the United States which makes claim of no small pretensions in the use of this gland, according to the very, very frequent communications with which the profession is bombarded."

"Don't harrow me with that," he hit back at me in cheap punning rejoinder. "But let me explain this gentleman's remarkable metamorphosis. Of course, it is generally accepted that the thymus is a gland whose influence is almost solely exerted during infancy. Now, it occured to us that since the most notable thing that affects the organism during the first year of life is an anabolic activity, building up the weight until, at twelve months, it has tripled the figure at birth, here we might very well be dealing with cause and effect—thymic secretion as the essential growth stimulator. On this basis, we sought out the species that makes the greatest gain in weight during the first months of life, and made the transplant from a healthy male specimen to our friend here who, you will admit, has his card of admission to the ranks of Barnum and Bailey's circus. Of course, you know which species we employed!"

It seems that I didn't know but I preferred a guess to admitting my ignorance, especially as at the moment it didn't seem to matter so much as long as the Director himself knew.

"Why, the hippo," said I blithely, feeling sure I had picked the largest of the animals.

"No," said my friend, "no, no, not at all. We selected the wally-wally, that being the species which, beginning life with an infinitesmal cubical content and about as much vitality as an English swear word emasculated by replacing half its form by a dash, goes on to sextuple its weight during the first year. You are familiar with the wally-wally?"

"No, I am not," I was forced to admit.

"What!" cried the Director in the greatest anguish.

It was really too bad. The poor fellow's grief and disappointment were very pathetic. And after all his kindness and patience in showing me about. He might have mentioned so many animals that I would have known. There are, for instance, sheep and pigs and horses—but why go on. And anyway I might even have answered "yes" without too much guilt because I have a friend at home whose Christian name is Walter and his wife calls after him, "Wally, Wally," when we're off to a card game, poor

fish. By the way, the wally-wally turned out to be a fish.

By the time the Director had recovered from the shock he had sustained, we had drawn up before a door on which a nameplate set forth the occupant's cognomen as "Bosco." I became somewhat uneasy as the Director resumed his little talk, somewhat after the manner of the guides in any museum one visits in a great city; only that a half dollar is usually the sole penalty while in this case my dignity was being made to suffer. This time, however, there were no damages.

Bosco proved to be a rather intelligent-looking champanzee in whom the riddle of the missing link had been all but solved. He could speak almost perfectly. The only hitch was that he was unable to express the vowel "e." For instance, when I asked him to have a cigar, he told me to go to "hill." He turned out to be a lady chimpanzee and I had offended her. When she visits New York some day, she'll look me up and apologize. Otherwise, her speech was very remarkable, all the consonants produced without difficulty and the remaining four vowels clearly enunciated. You may be sure that I did not allow myself to be hurred away from Bosco's company and if I say it myself, as I do with all modesty, Bosco grew to be very fond of me very shortly.

As a special compliment to my nationality, she recited a stanza of Dr. Holmes' "Chambered Nautilus" and, much to my embarrassment, one from my own pen, which she said she considered "quite swill." (The "e" failing again.)

When we finally departed, overwhelmed with curiosity, I begged my dear friend to defer further clinics until the morrow and to communicate to me the means by which this astounding advance had been accomplished. We retired to the lounging room and over our brandy and soda and cigars, he recited the very simple facts which I give you just as sketchily.

"It all developed in an unbelievable short time after all the centuries of waiting, out of a theory advanced by a minor assistant"—I noticed that names were not announced, the worker's interest being subordinated to the general welfare—"that inasmuch as there were five vowels and five important internal secretory glands, each of the glands in man controlled the formation of one of the vowel sounds. We failed to laugh him out of his ridiculous suggestion and he urged the following points for our consideration: First, there was no trouble with consonants, any animal can form them. Alexander Graham Bell did some work in that direction. Next, he held that his idea was not a jot more bi-

zarre than many that were finding their way into the general medical prints on the subjects of endocrinology. This we could not deny. And last, he proposed that is was high time that our institution did something different—that was the function of institutions, something original even though stupid. Other experimenters have confined their efforts to building up man from animal derivatives, we may be the pioneers in building up the animal from man. We were convnced by this robust logic with the result that you have witnessed.

"The unusual good fortune that attended this experiment is almost beyond belief, and we encountered no hitch until the very last stage was reached. If, unfortunately, we had begun with the gland that we left until the last—the one that we know produces the vowel 'e'—discouragement would have been ours at once and no doubt our work would have been abondoned then and there to the everlasting loss of civilization. Our first transplant was that of an overactive thyroid from a toxic exopthalmic case and within one week our ape, with the aid of the instruction offered by our expert voice culturist, plainly enunciated the vowel 'a.' Then in succession with the use of the suprarenal, the pituitary, and the para-thyroids, we accomplished the 'i,' 'o,' and 'u.' The vigorous, ubiquitous 'e' we almost *felt* was

dependent upon the gonads, and we had worked up to such a degree of enthusiasm that even the unfortunate subject, who sacrificed his own for the experiment, was not unusually downcast, finding himself repaid, indeed, in being inscribed in our book of martyrs for such a great experiment.

"Imagine our chagrin and distress when, with the operation satisfactorily completed, we could get nothing more out of our Bosco than the feeblest of wheezing 'e's. And, my dear Munchausen, that is all we have been able to accomplish in any case since. O, for a good virile gonad!"

As the Director fixed me rather pointedly with his eye, I arose to go, uninterested in the balance of his recital. But he had one more word.

"Promise me, my dear friend, that when you get back to New York City, that town of virile specimens, you will abandon all other work and settle down to see if you cannot successfully terminate the work we have begun."

I promised him.

CHAPTER XVI.

He Thwarts a Knave.

It happened that before the time arrived for my next visit to the endocrinological institute, I experienced an adventure that all but caused me to fail that appointment and, indeed, any that might come after.

Some little distance out from Gringaire, deep in the forests, there dwells a brother practitioner who has accomplished such wonders in the application of rare and unknown plants to therapeutic purposes that I never pass by this locality without running in on him. However, I had never approached his dwelling place from the direction of Gringaire, and as I was about to depart the next morning at dawn to devote the forenoon to a visit to him, it was urged upon me by one of my friends that I had better not attempt the journey without the aid of a guide. With my usual bad luck, the fellow that I happened on to perform that function turned out to be a villainous Malay who, as it transpired, harbored but one thought, which was to get back to his Malaysian home on the booty that he could se-

cure by robbing me. Unfortunately, I wore in the bosom of the dress shirt (which I never got out of because I was homeward bound from an all-night function when the idea to make the visit seized me) a large diamond, whose twelve carats attracted attention even in the orient. This made the ruffian's eyes fairly dance at our very first encounter, but that was, perhaps, the very point that made me determine on him as my guide; I was somewhat bored with monotony.

When this fellow obsequiously addresed me as "Tuan Munchausen," accompanying it with a low obeisance, I realized the sneer behind it and I hung out in my mind the signal, "Trouble ahead." According to custom, it was his duty to follow behind me as a mark of inferiority, shouting his directions from time to time. This might seem to have added a further cause for concern, especially when it is understood that a part of his equipment consisted of an eight foot spear which these fellows are able to project through the air at a velocity of forty miles an hour, it has been computed, with a perfect William Tell accuracy. But, let me add, that everything was not in his favor. In order to relieve the tedium of the trip, your guide whiles away the time for you by performing continuously upon a reed instrument, called the bushka, which is a composite

of our oboe and clarinet, I should say. It emits a most seductive and somewhat plaintive note, and I must admit that this particular guide blew no mean bushka. In this fact, I found my security. I demanded of Fluszil (that was his name, though I suspect it may have been an alias) my full quota of tunes. Whenever one ended, I turned swiftly upon him and made no show of concealing my interest in my Colt at such moments. I felt that if he prepared to hurl his heavy weapon into me while playing, the effort would surely cause him to depart at least from the pitch in the melody that might engage him at the moment, and with, my ear for perfect pitch, I should distinguish the lapse in time to anticipate him. Once this happened and with the agility of a tiger, I leaped to one side expecting that he had let fly, but as I turned about my Colt heart high, I found him merely rearranging his bow tie. He leered knowingly and I waited for him to resume his concert without any explanation on either side. Then we proceeded.

Now that we understood each other perfectly, I felt that it was no quarter on either side and the *denouement* came soon enough. He was playing Rimsky-Korsakoff's little gem, "A Song of India," arranged as a fox trot, when just at the point where there occurs a chromatic descent, I detected an 'a'

flat emitted instead of an 'a' natural and, in a flash, I bounded to the same side as I had taken in my previous false start. He, on his part, had figured that I would take the opposite direction this time. which, on the basis of Professor Francis Roit-Wheeler's conclusions in his essay on the science of probabilities, was no doubt a logical enough deduction, but did not take into consideration the personal Munchausen equation. Within a foot of my neck, his spear whizzed past with the speed of a "behind time" Interborough surface car ignoring a prospective passenger, and buried itself four feet in the trunk of a tree in its path, some two hundred feet on. As I came around, I discharged simultaneously a revolver in each hand, as I am ambidextrous, and the last I saw of him, he disappeared into the woods at full speed with both hands applied sympathetically to the rear of his anatomy exactly where I had aimed.

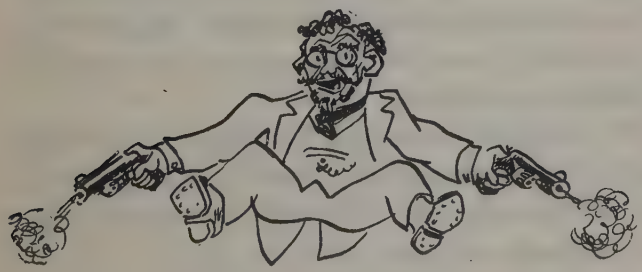
I completed the balance of the journey uneventfully alone, retaining as a trophy of the experience his abandoned bushka, but I was unable to withdraw the spear from the trunk with all the strength that I was able to apply.

My medical confrere was mighty pleased with my visit and detached himself from his work long enough to listen with great concern to the experience

which I have just related. Then he chose for a theme for my edification the results he had attained in the control of just one affection of the skin, psoriasis. He was a little reticent and cryptic as to his therapeusis but was very positive in his statement that, as I should see forthwith, it was absent from his clinics. His was almost a righteous contempt for the ordinary salves, embrocations, the serum of Fox, the conclusions from allergic studies and various endeavors that have been made to conquer this obstinate condition.

And among all these cases, I state it openly, I did not see a single case of psoriasis.

I suppose the captious may ask whether he exhibited any cases of psoriasis in the process of cure or cured, or whether I investigated the incidence of the disease in these parts, but I only answer that the carping critics we shall always have with us.



CHAPTER XVII.

He Views Further Endocrine Cases.

I doubted very much the possibility of getting back to Gringaire in time for my appointment with the Director of the Institute for Endocrinologic study, when, to my great surprise and delight, I saw hovering overhead an aeroplane or, perhaps I should say, more literally, what appeared to be five aeroplanes supporting one large passenger car. The device, it seems, was the inspiration of an obscure Indian mining engineer, who, with his mind occupied in the soil, nevertheless had not allowed his vision to be proscribed, and by this means had provided perfect safety in navigation. If one of the aeroplanes failed, for any reason, the car might sag but in no event could it plunge to the ground unless all five machines soured at one time. The five flying machines were controlled solely by radio and carried no one aboard.

With delightful courtesy, the chief at the station recalled the craft and once aboard, we made Gringaire in fifteen minutes, a flying rate of four hundred and four miles an hour.

As luck would have it, an opportunity presented itself upon my second visit that gave me a chance to regain the prestige I had lost with the Director of the Institute through my ignorance concerning the wally-wally. The Director awaited me at the entrance to the spacious grounds that adorned the buildings, and he stopped me at a very delightful little garden with the remark that their experimentation had been extended to testing the effect of glandular extracts on the growth of plants. A dessicated endocrine had been employed as the sole fertilizer in each instance. He pointed out to me the tall, spare cosmos, swaying nervously on their stems, which had been subjected to the influence of thyroid. Next to them grew a squat, heavy looking species with dry leaves, illustrating the effect of a deprivation of thyroid in the soil, he explained. Then, I spied some very robust, crimson carnations which, I suspected at once, enjoyed their prosperity on the basis of a soil laden with adrenal extract.

"Indeed, you are perfectly right," assented the Director. "And I want you to taste this stem that I break across, to prove by its sweetness how the sugar has been marshalled into the circulation of the plant by the process."

As I confirmed the Director's statement, he

turned to another patch and gazed rather mournfully at the flowers blooming there. "Here," he said, "we are mystified. This ground has been treated with gonadal tissue and we are at a complete loss to identify the species that has bloomed as a result."

"My dear Director," I was able to say, "that is the passion flower."

The Director, greatly pleased with this enlightenment, conducted me to the apartment of one of the cases which he said gave him and his associates considerable reason for pride. This was a woman by means of whom they had proved that the kidney was very definitely a secretory organ as well as an excretory one. The first suggestion of this probability had come to them through the advertising propaganda of a New Jersey pharmaceutical firm, and they had built most successfully upon the clue. It was all so splendidly simple, too. The operator had merely exposed one kidney, thrown a temporary ligature about the renal artery and then one about the vein. Next the kidney was subjected to chemical insult to a degree sufficient to produce a definite irritation. At this moment some blood was drawn from the artery and some from the vein and examined for retained metabolities. The non-protein-nitrogen, urea, uric acid and creatinine all showed normal figures from both vessels. Now the

ligature was released from the artery and after the blood had circulated through the kidney, and was making its appearance visible at the site of the ligature on the vein, another withdrawal was made just the kidney side of the vein and blood examinations revealed a figure, for non-protein-nitrogen, of 324 mgms to the hundred c.c.; for urea, 187 mgms, and the other metabolites in similar increase. Therefore, since the blood was normal upon entering the kidney and had been vitiated during its progress through the kidney alone, their conclusion that the kidney exhibits a definite secretion, which becomes toxic in instances of organic pathology, was amply justified.

"We have a protocol of this work now in the hands of the Afghanistan *Medical Courier*. It will soon appear," concluded the Director.

"Protocols have become quite the fashion since the war, don't you think?" I put it to my companion. "I never heard of a medical protocol before that."

The Director actually winked. "Yes, sir, they certainly have become stylish lately, and I want to tell you, if an institute or a hospital means to retain caste nowadays, it must put out one or two of them at least every year and follow them up with two or

three communications identified as 'From the Laboratory of Beswando Hospital.' "

"Exactly," I agreed. "And if you came to see the laboratory in question, you'd wonder how the doctor got in after the microscope and urinometer were put in place."

We drifted on to a consideration of what the Director characterized as the snobbery of the profession, and I remember that we spoke of the men who cannot be reached except through their secretaries while they are engaged in pinochle, the fashion of styling a note as "Dictated but not read," and the highfalutin demeanor of some specialists, until we ended in a good laugh over my comment that some men adopted a manner in introducing a speculum as if they were about to present the lady with a bouquet of flowers, which, the Director insisted, summed up the whole matter.

The last, and I should say the most remarkable case of all, was one of gonad transplantation. By an error, an ovary became substituted for the interstitial gland that had been intended. (I wonder now, having experienced the very human side of the Doctor, if this might not have been one of his little jokes.) The ovary happened to bear an active Graffian follicle, and in suturing it into the scrotum, the

needle must have transfixed the spermatic cord, carrying some spermatozoa to the ovary.

Such are the facts that were related to me, but I had the honor and pleasure of examining the tumor in the man myself, and I can assure the ladies among my readers that for once at least in the world's history, they had their frequently repeated wish granted—*this man had a baby.* You can be sure that I hung around the few days lacking to the completion of a viable period for the child. I was rewarded by seeing him delivered of a five pound, healthy blue-eyed girl without, I regret to tell the ladies, a great degree of suffering or complaint. However, it always delights me to remember the unholy anger that the lucky parent invariably exhibited when we looked in on him early mornings with the query, "Mother and child doing as well as can be expected?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

He Visits the Psychanalysts.

That night I experienced the terror of the most horrifying nightmare that had ever invaded my sleep, and I sought my friend, the Director, early the next morning, in the hope that I might be directed to a psychanalyst who could point out to me what fearful complex held me in its grasp. I told him that I ordinarily exercised a method that prevented not only the occurrence of nightmares but of dreams as well. With the facetiousness that seemed to be developing in him lately to an unbecoming degree, he interrupted me to suggest that he supposed I meant by keeping awake. I did not trouble myself to explain to him that my method was the very simple one of sleeping with the right arm extended across the back so that the right hand remained in contact with the left scapula. If this is tried, I think my claim will be substantiated.

Instead of dallying any further with the Director, who after all had served his purpose to me, I demanded to be told where I could find a psychanalyst to whom I could relate my nightmare, and he

replied that all the psychanalysts in India were segregated in a little town named Sagaing, just this side of Mandalay.

"Segregated?" questioned I. "What do you mean, 'segregated'?"

"Why," asked he, "haven't you any of them in New York?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Of course, we have."

"Then you ought to understand," came his cryptic rejoinder.

Suspecting that he was continuing in his humorous vein, I decided to indulge no further in his banter, but to proceed at once to Sagaing in the hope that there I might find the psychic cathartic, that I felt I needed, awaiting me.

Within a few hours I had made the trip and, sure enough, I entered a town which proved to be given over entirely to practitioners of the method based upon the theories of Freud, Jung, Adler and Rusda, the last a Brahmin of considerable eminence in psychiatry. The peculiar ruling by which no person who was neither practitioner nor patient was permitted within the town limits was productive of an unique situation. Here was a political unit governed and served entirely by psychanalysts. The effect was peculiar. As I rode down the street, I was aware that the white-winged street cleaner turned

about to stare at me, possibly because I had thrown my leg over the pommel and was riding side-saddle to rest myself a bit. Next thing, he took a book out of his pants pocket and entered some notes in it. The hostler stood by, with jaws agape, as I tied up my horse and, as I had about finished, he could no longer restrain himself, exclaiming with a knowing shake of his head, "Aha, I see a granny knot, a granny knot. I'll make a note of that." This be proceeded to do.

I escaped into the inn, resolved to be very circumspect in my behavior, but what does the coat boy do but run his hand very knowingly up and down the line of buttons on my coat to reveal that, by some chance, I had buttoned over my top coat from the right to the left, woman fashion. You may believe that, by this time, I had begun to feel quite uneasy, and I looked around to see whether I might sit down unobserved, whereupon some over-solicitous attendant rushed up and carried my chair to the table and tucked me in just as if I were not an able bodied man, and I am sure that I caught his wink to the fellow behind the bar. Imagine my surprise when, a moment later, a glass of lemonade with a straw in it was set down before me by the waiter without my even having opened my mouth. I can assure you I was growing very uncomfortable.

I spent as little time in that dining room as possible and hurried to my room, it being about bedtime anyway. The courtesy with which each and every menial in the establishment continued to treat me was becoming truly insufferable, and I realized that, based on the few little items which I have related, as premises, these stupid analysts had built up a false theory that branded me as some sort of an effeminate personality. After I had closed my door and locked it, I happened to return to try it in order to reassure myself that I had securely eclipsed the pests that surrounded me for the night, and I clearly heard a voice outside murmur the words "anxiety neurosis." Further than that, the night passed without any intrusion.

At breakfast in the morning, I found the most dainty garland of flowers arranged at my table, and the unbearable solicitation of the waiter was again resumed. For instance, my order for cigarettes brought me a package of the gold-tipped variety and I noticed that I was the only visitor to the room who was favored with a finger bowl.

I had experienced a dream during the night, just passed, that seemed to me to elaborate the nightmare of the night before, and I was doubly anxious to have prompt interpretation so as to be able to shake the dust of this unwholesome town from my

boots without delay. To this end, I hurried out and seized my luggage and swung towards the door without as much as a nod or a tip to the lined-up psychanalytic serviteurs. But they, not the least disconcerted, bowed and scraped almost to the ground. In still greater exasperation, I reached the door and encountering a rather portly guest there, I resolved to give all observers an example of how brusque and impolite a man I really could be, when, just as I was about to shoulder my victim out of my path, off goes his hat, and, with a bow, he lets out, "After you, Mis—"

I lost the balance of his words as I made a truly Fairbanksian leap onto the back of my horse and swung away at a fast trot, out of the town, with no further desire to accomplish the purpose of my visit. On two occasions, I almost succeeded in riding down two impertinent fellows who exposed themselves along the roadway, still taking notes on my behavior.

CHAPTER XIX.

He Develops Heart Disease.

It was mighty refreshing to inhale the fresh air along the road to Mandalay, after escaping from the pestiferous haunt of the psychanalysts, but as I indulged myself in deep inspiration, I happened to drop my finger on my radial pulse and I was surprised and alarmed to discover that I exhibited a marked arrhythmia. It was fortunate for me, I mused, that at Mandalay there flourished perhaps the most noted cardiological institute in the world, and I resolved to avail myself of its advantages. Meantime, I essayed to distract my thoughts from the great danger, that threatened me, by rendering that deservedly popular ballad, "Danny Deever," at the top of my voice. Imagine my chagrin when a head suddenly popped out from the shrubbery at the road-side and exclaimed, "A tenor voice, too," and then dodged out of sight and out of range of my Winchester as quickly again. "My heavens," I thought, "these analysts are tenacious wights, at any rate."

The cardiological laboratory at Mandalay certain-

ly merits its great reputation. No case ever leaves there without a diagnosis of heart disease being made. Indeed, the experience of the patient among the awe-inspiring apparatus, that is employed, is guaranteed to furnish any etiological element that might be lacking upon entry. I once visited a slaughter house and viewed a pig stuck and dressed, and I marvelled at the precision and expedition with which it was shifted along from one procedure to another until it looked fit for anyone to eat. The method in this institution approximated the perfection of that slaughter house, and the multiplicity of instruments was all in its favor.

Of course, I was not unduly impressed by this gala array because I remembered very clearly many a private office of specialists in New York City, and elsewhere in the good old States, that boasted of at least as formidable a collection, but I found one thing offered here that I would recommend to the attention of every hospital superintendent in the world: a sound-proof room for the purposes of auscultation. What a boon such a cabinet would prove in the examination of patients in the great city hospitals, which are located, as a rule, on the main and most noisy highways!

When it comes to the examination that I underwent, it followed about the course which I recognized

to be routine in such circumstances until it reached the point of making an electro-cardiogram. I supposed the electrodes would be applied in the usual manner and I prepared myself in accordance. Then it was pointed out to me that a refinement had been introduced of which I had not heard, but which applied to me as logical but hardly comfortable. In order to place the electrodes as close anatomically as possible to the sites in which the electric currents are generated, one electrode is swallowed, one is introduced upward through the descending colon to the splenic flexure and the third is placed on the chest wall over the heart. When I demurred slightly at the size of the second one, the doctor in charge cautioned me that I was lucky enough because the inventor of this procedure was anticipating making an incision in the chest wall over the heart to admit the third electrode, which was to have been tried on the first case applying this day--which I was—but he had been unfortunately detained over a prescription which he was writing for a patient in his private office. I demurred no further, but I became interested in the fact that a cardiologist had been detained by so strange a cause, because I had come to believe that after all the ceremonials of cardiological indulgence had been performed, the open sesame

back to health was digitalis, and then some more digitalis.

"Exactly so," came the reply to the question that I had formulated, "but the difficulty lies in the fact that the market is so flooded with preparations of that drug, each one superior to its predecessor, and so variously named, that the clinician must necessarily spend much of his time in deciding which one to employ so that another patient in the family will not recognize it, and then he must find out its name after he has decided."

The outcome of the study of my case proved to be very amusing, but eminently satisfactory to me. I did not suffer with an arrhythmia at all. What really happened was that, with my finger lightly lying over the radial artery, I felt a beat each time my body bounded upward with the motion of the horse I was riding at the time, and missed the sensation of the beat every time my body descended.

The gentleman, in charge, failed to explain how he came to this conclusion from a study of the cardiogram, but it occurred to me that this might be as reasonable a thing to deduce from such a strange diagram as anything else, so I asked no questions but departed quite well satisfied.

CHAPTER XX.

He Pauses on the Road to Mandalay.

I decided not to tarry long in Mandalay, as I was anxious to reach the sea coast, which lay many miles off, in order to take passage to the Andaman Islands, having learned that there had been installed there many years before a settlement devoted to the purpose of procuring desirable eugenic results by the application of the Mendelian principles in the mating of the inhabitants. Sufficient years had elapsed since the beginning of the experiment for practical results to be available and open to scientific scrutiny. However, many days elapsed ere I arrived at my destination, and I fear I cannot cheat my diary, no matter how impatient my reader may become, but perhaps I shall be able to offer him some data along the way which will not be totally without interest.

I was making directly for the little town of Blootch and as I passed along the bank of a rather sizable river, I was surprised to see a flock of birds, of an appearance totally unfamiliar to me, rise from the surface of the water and wing their way to an-

other resting place. There is no need to enter into a description of these peculiar animals except to say that they had the shiny, scaly appearance of fish, supplemented by wings and feet. I stopped where I was, deposited my trunk on the roadside, opened it and extracted my volumes of Audubon and Agassiz therefrom and consulted them both without obtaining the least enlightenment. Luckily for my peace of mind who should happen along the road at the moment but the very bootblack from whom I had so reluctantly parted in the heights of the Himalayas. Observing my perturbation, he inquired as to its cause, which I, in turn, imparted to him.

"Gee whiz, you dumb-bell," quoth he, in excellent vernacular, "haven't you ever read Kipling's 'On the Road to Mandalay'?"

I assured him that I was quite familiar with that poem, and, to prove the fact, I rendered at once for him the three stanzas in the setting made popular by Oley Speaks. So clear and splendid did my voice ring out that we were surrounded by an admiring and enthusiastic audience before I had done, and I was obliged to supply several additional verses with improvised words on the moment.

"Well, well," shouted my friend, as soon as he could make himself heard above the din of the en-

raptured multitude, "this is the road to Mandalay, and them's the flying fishes."

I realized my lack of perception at once but I was quite able to save my face by explaining to him that the road we were on was the road to Blootch, *out* of Mandalay, not *to* Mandalay. He then became very meek and apologetic, easily lead, like so many people, away from the crux of an argument by a stronger mind. Indeed, it was not until we had left the spot ten miles behind that he suddenly blurted out:

"Say, you big stiff, maybe Kipling was travelling *to* Mandalay from Blootch."

"He wasn't," I replied, " I was with him."

That quieted him.

The town of Blootch was still fifteen miles distant and I was becoming so much bored by the monotony of the journey that I committed the error of judgment of allowing the little bootblack an opportunity to indulge his propensity to brag and exaggerate.

"How did you come out," I questioned, "in your little sojourn in the Himalayas after our ascent of the Pissepewa tree?"

"Fine," he replied, " fine and dandy. Fasten your orbs on these!" And he held before my eyes two handfuls of gold coins.

"Did you make those at your trade, bootblacking, up there in the mountains?" I asked sceptically.

"Sure, I did," he replied sententiously.

"Why did you quit so soon, then?" I came right back at him. I felt sure I had him nailed.

"Oh, ha, ha, ha," he laughed uproariously. "I haven't quit; I've only laid off for awhile. I'll explain why. You see those guys up there in that cold, snowy country, wear bear-skin shoes. Now, when the hair is at full growth, it's a bad season for shoe-shining. Fortunately for me, I just struck there in the moulting season when all the hair was falling out of their boots, and I did a land-office business while it lasted. Then the hair began to grow on their boots again, and when I departed, promising to return to establish a chain of shoe-shining parlors, there wasn't a vamp—you get me, I mean shoe vamp—in sight anywhere in the region."

I could not conjure up on the instant an appropriate rebuke for this impudent youngster and his fanciful tale, and it was gratifying to my pride that our attention was diverted at the very moment by a voice crying out in excellent English from deep underground somewhere near us:

"Professor, come over here, here's a good one. Ha, ha, ha! Listen to this:

'In this grave lies Ghandi Doodar, the celebrated physician of the first dynasty. To his everlasting credit, let it be known, to all who tarry here for a moment, that he was a master of his craft who had succeeded in curing every known disease. Cancer, Consumption, Polycythemia (Boorah's Disease), and Exopthalmic Goitre (Leewa's Disease) all yielded to his art'."

I had seized the bootblack's coat-tails to prevent him from taking to his heels, and I explained to him that we were not hearing the voice of a devil from below, but that it was our good fortune to have come upon a group of archaeologists who had evidently come across a cemetery in their excavations. In another few minutes, we had clambered down four hundred and fifty feet of scaffolding to find ourselves in their company.

We were treated by these gentlemen with the greatest courtesy and I certainly spent a very profitable half day in being conducted from grave to grave in the cemetery which, as I had divined, they had only just happened upon. It gradually bore in upon me that only medical men had found a resting place in this particular haven. I got out my notebook, you may be sure, and I jotted down sev-

eral of the more interesting inscriptions. At least one or two, I think, it may be interesting to translate and insert here for the enlightenment of my readers. For instance:

Here Lies
A Great Surgeon
One Thousand Appendectomies
Did Not Make the Removal
Of An Ingrown Toenail
Seem an Unworthy Operation to Him.

In the ensuing epitaph, it would appear that one of the physician's enemies took a hand:

Go to sleep until the day you are called to judgment. Then may you go to——

It was getting late, and as we had to make the twenty miles still remaining to Blootch before nightfall, I was obliged reluctantly to bid our pleasant friends farewell, but not without assuring the Professor that I would favor him later with some reprints of a series of articles which I long ago contributed to the "Journal of Archaeology," under the title of "Memories of an Egyptologist."

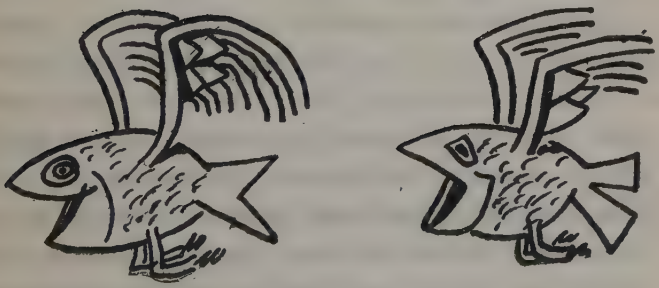
"Good luck to you, Munchausen," called the Pro-

fessor. "By the way, why do you suppose they devoted that plot to doctors only, down below?"

I fancied a slight emphasis on the "down below," but I replied perfectly cordially, "Because, no doubt they realized far back in the distant ages that doctors were too good to dwell eternally with other men."

"Or not good enough?" returned the Professor, with a broad grin.

I thought of a splendid reply but unfortunately the Professor was out of hearing.



CHAPTER XXI.

He Falls in Love.

As we approached the town of Blootch, I spied a group of horsemen a long way ahead of us in the roadway, which apprised me that once more, much to my mortification, a delegation had come out to serve as an escort for me. When we came up with them, we found a gala group, indeed: functionaries in full regalia and gayly caparisoned steeds, albeit somewhat drooping and tired because of a wait of six hours for my arrival.

I was presented at once to the Wangar of Blootch and then I met, in turn, the Rajah, the Slopjah and a variety of others of the royal household, right down to an adorable maid, a daughter of the Slopjah, fondly called the Flowerjah of Blootch. I, who have experienced as many amatory adventures as there are stars that stud the heavens, felt the color suffuse my cheeks and temples as this sprig of jessamine favored me with the most gracious of glances. For a time, I was not clear as to the questions that were being put to me by my royal cordon

for my brain seemed to swim in a most amazing fashion for one so blasé as I, and it was here that my friend, the bootblack, once more stepped in to my aid and most adroitly engaged the attention of all hands, including the young lady, too, for that matter, which I didn't appreciate so much.

That night, at the royal palace, for the first time in my long career, I resented the honor accorded me, and I chafed under the persistence of attentions which kept me from the side of the frail flower, whose exhalation had intoxicated my senses. Finally, maddened beyond control, I rushed out of doors across the spacious lawns, bent on nowhere in particular, when suddenly my heart seemed to pause in its course as I viewed the object of my intense passion leaning in an attitude of contemplation across a hedge of Pimpernels. A sense of sweet content seized hold of me as I realized that my sentiments were reciprocated. As I approached, I seemed to detect a sound as of someone gliding rapidly away from the other side of the hedge, and even voices in soft murmur of parting, but I put the thought away from me and advanced to her side with a most gracious salute after the manner of her country.

The young lady proved to be timid in the extreme, no doubt owing to the ardency and the suddenness of my suit, but her attitude interposed just the same

an efficient barrier to any progress on my part. She seemed matter of fact, too, lacking somewhat the romantic spirit. After I had recited an ode to the stars in which I did them honor in linking them with her eyes, she broke forth with what no doubt was meant to be "bully," but somehow became arrested by a devastating cough after the first syllable. As I recall the instance, the only thing that shot through my inflamed mind at the moment was that the poor girl undoubtedly was a victim of pulmonary tuberculosis. Next I improvised:

"Ah, girl, the faint aroma that you exhale
O'erpowers me, and the lambent fire
That plays about your eyes
Has seared my soul, and I expire.
And yet I am not dead,
For now I see you as one sees
The moon through fleecy clouds,
Your effulgence dimmed but you endowed
With charm I never knew.
Those heavens of your soul of azure blue,
Are they, then, eyes that cry, like mine,
'I yearn?'
That golden aureole that blindeth me,
Is that but hair? That brow—
* * * * *
Ah, love, press closer,
Scorch me with your burning breath;

For though I never lived 'til now,
If thus I die, then give me death."

"Gee," quoth the fair maiden, who was peering longingly into the distance over the hedge of Pimpernels as I turned and awaited, with bated breath, an acknowledgement of my ecstasy, "lemme show you where I get my aroma from. You're a scientist, aint you?"

I nodded assent and followed her. She conducted me to a low spacious building, in the rear of the palace, which proved to be a most elaborate conservatory. From room to room she led me, each permeated by the most intense odor of one particular flower. Thus we passed from the rose to the violet cabinet and thence to that devoted to the carnation. But even the plenitude of flowers that packed each section could scarcely account for the overpowering aroma that seemed stifling in its intensity. I remarked this to my companion, whereupon she gleefully proceeded to reveal the secret of these chambers of fragrance. She threw open a sliding door, as of an oven, and there shot out upon us a spray of perfume which suffused the nostrils with the essence of all that is delicate and delightful in

the world of growing things. I stood transfixed, and then I turned and turned slowly, my senses intoxicated, allowing the effluence to seep into my very pores. "All right," I heard her melodious voice

exclaim, but I paid no heed even to that. At length, I recovered myself and turned to press her for the secret of this wonderful contrivance, realizing at once the immense commercial value of such an appa-

ratus as an attribute of beauty parlors and Turkish baths, the world over. Alas, the wench had fled!

The worst of it was, she had deserted me, I fancied, in the very centre of the confounded shack, as we had passed through many chambers to reach the present one. I found my fears only too well founded for everywhere I turned, I came upon another door. The miserable odors were gradually becoming obnoxious, but just as I was about to become irritated, I crawled through a window and by means of an ambulacrum, I reached the rear of the palace, slipped in unobserved, and, by a neat calculation, approached exactly the right partner for the fox trot then playing and proceeded to dance as if nothing at all had spirited me away.

I found very little enjoyment in the dancing, what with the memory of the girl that I had lately left, combined with the fact that the native dances seemed so anaemic after those I remembered from New York and other occidental centers. You may be sure that I made no remonstrances when the Slopjah, who appeared to be a sort of Prime Minister, came to take me in charge to talk over plans for my entertainment during the next few days. He suggested, in turn, tiger hunting, an execution, a lion hunt, a gymkhana and a massacre of a neighboring tribe. I negatived each of these pro-

posals, and suggested that I was interested, rather, in some pursuit of a constructive character, something that might be illuminative and revealing as to their native habits, and characteristics. The Slopjah pondered for a moment and then said:

"My dear Dr. Munchausen, I believe that the outstanding characteristic of the Blootchian is a highly developed sense of justice and a broad humanity, a fact which is attested to by the great respect in which out courts and their pronouncements are held throughout the civilized world. Following your expression of preference, I think we can do no better than to spend the next few days in court, on the bench at the side of a Chief Justice. And in order to make the visit more agreeable for you, I shall examine the docket and order for trial at once a series of cases which, I know, will bear more or less medical interest along with their other features."

"Most respected Slopjah of Blootch," I replied, "your plan appeals to me greatly. Allow me to congratulate your Eminence on the fact that justice is the pre-eminent trait of your people. It is, Sir, a source of the greatest satisfaction and pleasure to me to feel that so sweet and pure a maiden as your offspring, the Flowerjah of Blootch, is growing to womanhood under such favorable circumstances."

The Slopjah of Blootch made me a deep bow,

which I returned, and then I continued: "So much concerned am I, Sir, about her welfare that I would deem it a great courtesy and mark of confidence, if you felt free to confide to me, as well as you may know, just what may be the state of her mind in regard to those matters which, for want of a better designation, are vulgarly styled 'affairs of the heart.' You, Sir, divine my intentions, which are honorable but not matrimonial."

The Slopjah looked me over for a period, somewhat quizzically and appraisingly, I thought, and then replied:

"So far as I know, Munchausen, she is heart whole and fancy free. But you know these young chits!"

I winced at the appellation and betook myself to my room.

CHAPTER XXII.

He Spends a Day in Court.

Early the next morning, I made my way to court, according to arrangement, and after being clothed in a robe of ermine, I was escorted with great ado to a place at the side of the Chief Justice, who proved to be a very learned and humane man. From time to time, throughout my stay, he turned to me and consulted me on the various points of law that arose.

The Slopjah soon arrived and the first case was called for trial by the Clerk of the Court.

I saw at once that the Slopjah had kept his word, as this case presented a very interesting medical feature, indeed. The defendant, one Manree Dookum, had been indicted, at the instance of the Board of Health, as a menace to the health and peace of mind of the dwellers in other apartments in the house in which he lived. Several plaintiffs were called in succession and each testified that their rest at night had been disturbed over a long period

through the behavior of the defendant in reciting poetry from about ten to twelve each night.

The Prosecutor drew from the defendant an admission to the charge and then elicited the fact that the material recited consisted of poems from an anthology of American verse, including poems by Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Carl Sandburg and Dr. Frederick Peterson. The prosecution rested.

Counsel for the defense then took the defendant in hand, and the following is transcribed from the stenographer's report:

Counsellor: "Now, Manree Dookum, are you a well man?"

M. D.: "No, Sir."

C.: "You say you are not a well man, Dookum?"

M.D.: "Yes, Sir."

C.: "Kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury with what disease you suffer."

M. D.: "I suffer with gastritis."

C.: "You say you suffer with gastritis?"

M. D.: "Yes, Sir. I suffer with gastritis."

C.: "Now, Manree, I want you to tell the honorable gentlemen assembled here, in your own words, what you suffer as the most troublesome symptom of this ailment."

M.D.: "I repeat."

C.: "You repeat?"

M. D.: "Yes, Sir. I repeat."

C.: "Please amplify a little for the sake of these gentlemen."

M.D.: "Gas comes up about an hour after I have eaten, and, as I repeat, anything that I have read since my meal is involuntarily expressed."

C.: "And having read American poetry, you find it hard to keep it down?"

M.D.: "I certainly do, Sir."

C.: "That will do."

It is needless to add that the counsel for the defense had no trouble in supplying an expert who substantiated his client's medical contention, and the defendant was forthwith acquitted.

The next case proved to me that the counsellor for the defendant had delved into the archives of English law, as his defense was identical with that offered in a similar famous case that occurred in England. A woman was accused of poisoning her husband. The fact was brought out that he was fond of apples and that, during the period that he exhibited symptoms which suggested the action of some slow poison, there stood in the cellar of their home ten barrels of apples which, the accused woman testified, her husband ate during a very short period. This indulgence, it was urged, had resulted in prussic acid poisoning from the ingestion of the apple

seeds. The prosecution threw up its hands and the jury, in tears, acquitted her.

Next, there came a miserable culprit acused of committing a very cold-blooded murder and convicted in jig time and sentenced to death, with the alternate choice of submitting himself to the staff of surgeons of the City General Hospital for experimental operating with his freedom if he survived one year. The wretch chose the former sentence. The evidence was complete and convincing and I shall only point out one item which interested me as a scientist and medical man. The first step that the police took upon discovering the body of the victim of this slayer—as, indeed, is done in every case—was to have the coroner's physician remove both eyes. The retinae were then secured and immersed in hyposulphite of soda solution in the expectation that the last image that had been focused there before death might be developed on that sensitive plate just as is done in photography. In this instance, perfect success had ensued, and as I viewed the specimen I remarked that even the mad glare in the eyes of the assassin was clearly to be discerned. I offer this method to the police departments of other countries.

A peculiar, and at the same time a very humane,

verdict terminated the case next called on the calendar. A man, suffering with double varicocele, called at the office of a very prominent surgeon one evening about seven-thirty. The surgeon was about to leave for the opera. However, he felt that he could finish the operation in time, so he decided to operate by the closed method at once. Indeed, the defendant testified that the surgeon never removed his white silk gloves which he had donned for the occasion—that is the opera. He transfixed the skin, surrounded the plexus of veins, came out of the same opening, and tied the ligature. He repeated this procedure then on the opposite side. He did the operation with despatch and thoroughness and the patient left for his home and the surgeon for the opera, both quite satisfied.

Some months later, however, the patient began to suspect that he had become sterile, and he called on another surgeon to get his opinion in the matter. This gentlemen assured the patient that the first surgeon had performed a very thorough operation: he had tied off all of the veins and he had even included both spermatic cords in his ligatures, so that the victim's fears were amply justified. Thereupon, the patient visited surgeon, number one, and shot him.

The jury acquitted the accused on the basis of justifiable insanity.

I found my interest lagging during the trial of the next case as the stupid lawyer for a defendant, who had run down a pedestrian and killed him, based his entire defense on a cheap medical joke that is familiar to every doctor. The victim, who suffered with high blood pressure, was known to carry about with him a bottle of nitroglycerin tablets. These, according to the ignorant counsellor, had exploded from a very slight impact of his client's car, and the explosion had blown the unfortunate victim to pieces.

"Where is his body? Produce his body," I heard this ignoramus crying. At the same time he opposed all motions for an adjournment for that purpose. He seemed protected by the Court into the bargain, as the Justices were insistent that cases must be completely prepared when called. It looked like victory for this insane fellow at the moment that all interest on my part was completely alienated by the entrance into court, to take a place among the spectators, of the effulgent Flowerjah of Blootch on the arm, if I could believe my eyes, of my friend, the impudent bootblack.

I turned to the Slopjah. "Do I see aright? Who,

pray tell me, accompanies your daughter?" I inquired.

"Why, your young friend, the Prince of St. Louis," he replied.

I drew a deep breath but I said nothing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

He Succors a Rival.

I arose early the next morning, anxious to spend a little time in the luxurious gardens that surrounded the palace before the hour arrived for court to convene. I stretched myself out on the lawn, enjoying in full measure the torrid rays of the sun. I gave myself up to meditation and, indeed, I had serious enough food for thought. The Prince of St. Louis! That was a good one, indeed. What was my duty in the matter? Should I reveal the fellow's deception? There came into my mind the remark of De Rochefoucauld that there was one thing that none of us was able to bear with equanimity and that was the success of our friends, and I resolved thereupon that it behooved Munchausen to rise superior to the frailties of the ordinary being. No, I should remain quiet. After all, an American bootblack was not to be sneezed at, and this young man had evidently profited by his association with me. Prince of St. Louis, ha, ha, ha! That was a good one.

Suddenly the peace that enveloped me was rent by

a piercing shriek. I jumped to my feet just as the Flowerjah of Blootch came flying across the lawn, the direst terror written on her face. "Save him, save him, save my Prince!" she cried to me.

"Certainly," I replied in my calmest tones. "Just sit down here beside me and tell me what has happened, and leave it all to me." I had no doubt that documents had arrived proving the little bootblack an imposter, and I was not totally displeased.

"Oh, hurry, hurry, Doctor dear. Save him and I am yours!" she cried, tearing at my coat sleeve. "Hurry, he is badly hurt. I know he is dying."

I bestirred myself at these words and reached the boy's side to find that he had somehow severed a sizeable artery at the wrist, which was gushing in rather a lively manner. I drew forth my emergency kit and extracted a package of needles but discovered, to my consternation, that I had not a single strand of suture material with me. I seized a large leaf from a luxuriant plant, growing nearby, and tore a strand of fibre therefrom, but to my mortification its tensile strength was nil. For once in my life I was nigh bewildered, what with the red stream that was flowing down the sward to incarnadine a nearby brook and the lamentations and exhortations of the bereft maiden at my side. To lend a grotesque element to

the situation, the sound of a strumming guitar and the voice of lovelorn swain, serenading his inamorata, reached my ears at the moment. In a jiffy, I was at the side of this ecstatic, warbling youth; in another, I had torn the guitar from his grasp; in a third, I had shattered the instrument over his head as he rose to resist my onslaught, and, ripping the strings away from the remains, I threaded a needle and very soon had the offending vessel snugly caught. The bootblack by this time had been all but exsanguinated, so I slung him across my shoulder and conveyed him to an adjacent hospital.

This splendid hospital set forth its name on a cornerstone as "The Haven," and, while I waited for the bootblack to be carried to the operating room, I had a word with the Superintendent. I remarked to him that his hospital had been most aptly and, at the same time, poetically named.

"Thank you, Dr. Munchausen," he replied. "I am glad to have your approbation because I have reason to take a personal pride in the fact that every hospital in this part of the country has adopted the suggestion that I promulgated on my return from a visit to your native land, America. You will find that just such euphemistic and comforting titles are attached to all institutions hereabout. We do not

designate our homes for the sick and needy any longer as 'The Brahmin,' 'The Hindu,' or 'The Mohammedan.' We offer no challenge to the sick man as to his affiliations, either political or religious. The sick with us have no misgivings when they appeal to us for aid."

I assured the humane Superintendent that he had let fall a most appealing and pregnant suggestion, but further confab was cut short by a call from the operating room that I was awaited there.

Blood tests had been made to determine the bootblack's blood group, a donor had been secured and all was in readiness to make up the loss in blood volume that my young friend had suffered. I inquired of the operator what method he intended to employ, and you may be sure that I experienced a sensation of especial pride when he replied that, unless I objected, he would employ the world famous Unger apparatus for direct transfusion. I gave my enthusiastic assent and he proceeded with skill and despatch, the color that tinged the bootblack's face attesting as surely as the reading of the hemaglobinometer to the improvement in the boy's condition. The operator kept up a running talk as he worked, explaining to me that ten years back, the method in vogue employed both infusion of saline and indi-

rect transfusion. This, which was remembered as the "Confusion" era, had been supplanted by infusion alone, which, in turn, had given way to the present entirely successful direct transfusion procedure, largely thanks to American ingenuity.

I saw the bootblack back to bed and I was then obliged to depart for the court house, as it was now close on to nine o'clock.

CHAPTER XXIV.

He Attends the Trial of a Psycho-Therapeutist.

It may be believed that my interest was thoroughly enlisted when the Slopjah of Blootch greeted me, as I took my place beside him in the bench, with the word that I was to witness to-day the trial of a follower of the tenets of Tenebrae (a woman who had succeeded in establishing herself as a quasi saint, and who had established a cult that practiced a species of divine healing).

Spinles Woots, the defendant, proved a meek enough individual, indeed, who was avid to make any admissions the prosecutor cared to procure from him, evidently content to suffer as a martyr in what he considered a noble cause. It transpired that Spinles Woots, P. T., had attended a case of cancer of the breast, from which the patient had finally died after great pain and mental torture. The family of the unfortunate woman, who had opposed the attendance of the psychotherapeutist all through the illness, had been courageous

enough to invoke legal punishment of the Tenebraist on the basis of unskillful and inhumane treatment of the deceased.

Despite the clear cut facts brought out by the prosecutor, it became evident when the slick legal advisor of the Cult of Tenebrae took things in hand, that he would easily enough sway the jury in his client's favor, mainly through covert innuendoes as to the hopelessness of such cases under any form of known treatment at present. Then it was that the prosecuting attorney played his trump card, and one that might well enough be played in any and every country that endures today the practices of these spurious and specious sects.

The prosecutor called to the stand Adma Parasan internist, by the way, of remarkable accomplishments whose fame is bound to spread to occidental countries. It was he who led the celebrated expedition into Africa that determined that the sleeping sickness, caused by the sting of the tsetse fly, was merely the result of that insect indulging too freely in the sap, of a tree, that undergoes alchoholic fermentation, and then injecting too large a dose into human beings who dwell perforce under prohibition laws. It is reported to his everlasting credit that he declined the financial reward that might have been his, had he been willing to further the efforts

of an American corporation that attempted to get a corner in the flies and the trees. His words were quoted to me with justifiable pride. "I allowed them to collect the flies and then I destroyed the trees. Thus did I rid the country of both." This story was told me over a bottle of wonderful champagne.

The prosecutor brought out the fact that the Professor was acquainted with the exact status of scientific knowledge concerning the control of cancer. Then he put to him this question:

Prosecutor: "Do you know of any tests that have been made to determine the relative results attainable by scientific medical methods as opposed to the methods employed by any other practicing cult in the treatment of cancer?"

Adma Paras: "I do, Sir."

Prosecutor: "Please present such data, Doctor."

Adma Paras: "Five years ago a commission was appointed, by the Wangar of Blootch, for the purpose of determining the relative success of the measures employed by the various cults as contrasted with those favored by licensed medical practitioners in the handling of this disease. As the first step, two groups of men were selected to represent the opposing camps: a surgeon, an internist and a radiologist and radium specialist, on the one hand, to represent

the medical side; and a Tenebraist, a thaist and a blaaist for the other side. A visit was made to an institution dedicated to cancer work alone, and there, giving first choice to the second group of practitioners, twenty cases were selected for the medical men to have under their sole charge and twenty to be placed in the care of psychotherapeutists."

Prosecutor: "Doctor Paras, do you know whether any data are as yet available from this experiment?"

Adma Paras: "Yes, Sir. Complete results are available."

Prosecutor: "Dr. Adma Paras, if you are in possession of such data, satisfactorily attested, I ask you to place them in the hands of the Justice of this Court and his distinguished guests."

Thereupon, the eminent internist drew from his pocket, a report covering in every detail the progress of this comparative trial of the physician *versus* the "ists" and the "isms."

I shall not risk tiring my readers with a full transcription of this voluminous report, nor shall I select what seemed to me the salient points for presentation for fear that it may be suggested that prejudice guided my choice, but I present here a chart, prepared by a committee composed of the learned justice, one physician (not engaged in the

experiment) one Tenebraist (not engaged in the experiment) and the Slopjah of Blootch, for presentation to the jury:

	Under medical treatment	Under cult treatment
Number still alive (after 5 years)	5	0
Average length of life of deceased	2 yrs.	13 mo.
Number, received benefit from X-ray or radium therapy	20	0
Number, afforded amelioration of suffering through narcotics	12	0
Number, whose morale was sustained by encouragement and mental aid administered by attendant	20	20

After the submission of the chart to the jury the judge read his charge and I recall his words as eminently just and unbiased. A sentence here and there still clings to mind, "———to determine here and now whether the struggle of earnest and learned minds over centuries to conquer disease shall be nullified—unscientific meddling not as valuable as scientific effort whether desired result is attainable or not ——boy looking at the stars through a spy glass and astronomer at his telescope——no comparison of their value to the world."

The jury rendered a verdict against the defendant, Spinles Woots, T. P., without leaving the jury box, and the Attorney General informed me that he would proceed at once to use this verdict in an attempt to procure legislative action that would limit the activities of all types of heteregeneous practitioners.

CHAPTER XXV.

He Makes a Conquest.

I left the court, arm in arm with the Slopjah, and at his first words I believe I would have fainted if it had not been for the stimulating effect of the crisp air after escaping from the stuffiness of the courthouse.

"My dear boy, let me congratulate you. You won her after all."

In an effort to stall, I merely wrung his extended hand rather perfunctorily.

"The man that won the charming Flowerjah of Blootch—I say it even though she is my offspring—had to be a man of parts, indeed, and that fits you, son-in-law. How strange it sounds, Ha, ha, ha."

"How did you hear it?" I inquired with feigned enthusiasm, hoping to learn when I had made this conquest.

"My dear boy, within five minutes after she plighted her troth. The very fellow that you beaned with his own guitar came and reported to me. He had rushed up behind you, and his knife was

ready to descend into your back as you ministered to the fallen prince, when the Flowerjah threw his arm up and exclaimed, 'Would you harm my prospective husband?' Whereupon he trotted off to find me. Have no fear but that she will abide by her word, for to break a troth in our country spells death for the faithless party."

I felt a cold sweat breaking over me, and it was a great relief to find myself shortly in a tavern, benumbing my astounded brain in response to the toasts that the Slopjah was profligate in inventing for me. He saw to it that no one failed to get the good news, and that night as I viewed the whole town in cups, I realized how thoroughly he had done his work and how hopeless was my predicament.

The next week was given over to festivities, the Flowerjah and myself being the centre of all activities. No one spared us, even the Wangar arranging a ball in our honor. Never had I longed so much for the solace and advice of my little friend, the bootblack, or rather the Prince of St. Louis, as he was known in Blootch. In him all my hopes centred. He would understand my difficulty, and perhaps would help me in finding a graceful way out.

It was with a great sense of relief and joy that I met him coming down the street a few days later, looking none the worse for his unlucky experience.

I fear I showed myself a little too enthusiastic about his recovery and perhaps a trifle undignified in my greeting.

"Hello, Old Top," I cried, "I am simply overjoyed to see you about again. Believe me, my boy, I've put in a week of worry."

"You big crook!" was his affectionate return. "As well as I knew you, I thought you above any such low down business."

"You will kindly explain, Prince," I said in my most caustic tone.

"Sure, I will," said he. "You couldn't win the girl against me in fair competition, so you took advantage of my confinement." I almost laughed at the inept designation of his disability, but there were tears in the boy's voice, so I controlled my merriment.

"Come with me," I commanded, folding my arm in his despite his reluctance. "Let me explain, and your anger will die away." I led him to a nearby wine shop.

His humour was not at all improved when, upon our entrance, a great tipsy lout proposed a toast to "His Lordship, Doctor Munchausen, and his ineffable lady, the Flowerjah of Blootch," to which the entire tavern arose with three hoarse cheers. Again

I had a time calming him down but finally I got him seated with me in a secluded corner.

"Now, Prince," I began, and the flattery of the false title appealed visibly to this impostor. "Now, Prince, let me recount to you, in the first place, how the thing happened." Then I told him the story, including the rash offer the Flowerjah had made to me when enlisting my skill in his behalf. So far I had not succeeded in placating him very much. But I continued:

"Perhaps, Boots, you do not know it but the fact is that I have a wife already (I am not sure just where), and I am thus not exactly in a position to marry this young chit." I got two rises out of him with this speech, but nevertheless a broad smile overspread his face as I finished.

"Come, come with me to the Slopjah and tell him that. That will settle everything all right," he exclaimed almost lifting me out of my chair.

"Yes, that'll settle everything and me into the bargain," I answered, and then I informed him what the penalty was for breaking a plighted troth in Blootch, as told me by my prospective father-in-law, the Slopjah of Blootch. His anger arose once more as I referred to the Slopjah as my prospective father-in-law. But I appeased him with the sugges-

tion that we would find a more suitable way out of the difficulty.

He begged me to evolve a plan and I informed him that I had been depending upon him for just that service. We sat in thought for some time and then he exclaimed, "I have it."

"Good," said I. "I knew I could depend upon you."

"The nights are very dark," he began mysteriously.

"That's an observation of sound scientific accuracy," I commented.

"And you're not a prisoner," he continued.

"Irrefutable, again," said I.

"And you haven't rheumatism, flat feet or arthritis," he persevered.

"A diagnosis that does credit to your latent medical acumen," I declared.

"Well, why in the hell can't you beat it, then?" he concluded with evident irritation at my lack of comprehension.

I arose and assumed my full height and with one hand extended and one resting across my heart, I felt I presented a commanding figure.

"You suggest that a Munchausen slink away like a coward in the night!" I cried, my voice choking with emotion. "Then, then—you've got another guess coming," I concluded rather feebly.

"In that case, I'll go and tell the Slopjah of your perfidy, myself," he declared, revealing his true character.

I was forced to temporize. "Don't do that," I implored. "Give me a little time and I'll find a way out."

To this he agreed and we parted with a truce declared between us.

For the next few days, I sought solitude and meditation far out in the country, away from the haunts of man. But with all my versatility and ingenuity, I could hit upon no graceful way out of the mess. Of course, I could simulate some severe infectious disease, such as pulmonary tuberculosis, but that would be dishonorable. I might point out, perhaps, that in most countries that I had visited it was the custom for the male, not the female, to make the proposal of marriage; that I had never even been asked my consent, but that would be uncourtly and unworthy of the Munchausen tradition. At this juncture my ruminations were interrupted by the sound of wheels approaching down the road from the direction of Blootch, and, as a little zebra-drawn rickshaw approached, I recognized the occupant as Adma Paras, the famous internist, whom I had had the pleasure of meeting in court a short time ago.

The recognition was mutual and he pulled up and

alighted, withdrawing a flask from his hip pocket as he sat down beside me. After a short but edifying discussion of the weather, he let drop, rather casually, I thought:

"So your friend, the Prince of St. Louis, has scarlet fever."

"No, you don't mean it?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed I do. I just left him. A bad case, too. The Flowerjah of Blootch wont leave his side."

He did not notice the color rise to my temples, and he continued: "The severity of his case and the immunity that the Flowerjah enjoys, definitely prove the value of the procedure that was instituted on my advice just a decade ago. In fact, it is just time for the second step now," he mused on.

"Why is the Flowerjah of Blootch at his——I mean, why is she immune?" I inquired anxiously.

"Is it possible, Doctor Munchausen, that you do not know of my great immunizing experiment? Is fame such a local matter after all?" he asked reflecively.

"You refer to your mass inoculation with scarlet fever that was so vehemently denounced ten years ago?" I asked tactlessly.

"Denounced, you say?" he replied with some heat. "Well, you see a test case now. Your friend, the Prince, had not been thus protected and he has con-

tracted a severe—I fear fatal—form of the disease. The young lady developed the disease through my direct inoculation a decade ago and, while she was very sick at the time, you observe that she is immune today as a result. It is true that we lost perhaps an hundred thousand or more at the time, but we conferred immunity upon the survivors and their progeny for generations to come. Ah, two days more and the second test commences. I pray Brahma it may succeed as well."

"And what may the second test be?" I demanded, my interest now thoroughly aroused.

"The day after to-morrow, we proceed with the inoculation of every inhabitant of this province with a virulent strain of tubercle bacilli. You, Munchausen, will be included, as the law demands that no one be neglected," came the comforting reply. "And now, *au revoir*, until the day after tomorrow." And with a leap into the seat and a crack of the whip he was off, leaving me in consternation.

Then I pondered. The Flowerjah of Blootch was fickle; I had worried along these many years without tuberculosis; I didn't have rheumatism or what was it the bootblack said? yes, flat feet, nor arthritis; it looked as if it were going to be a dark night—and my mind was made up.

CHAPTER XXVI.

He Passes a Day with a General Practitioner.

When I arrived at Rangoon, I found that I would have to wait at that port for ten days or two weeks for a ship to bear me to the Andaman Islands. It promised to be a wearisome wait for me and I supplied what diversion I could by visiting around at the hospitals and medical societies. Following my custom, I looked up a splendid old acquaintance who had spent his many medical years in general practice. I always found this class more human, less vain and generally more entertaining than any other group of physicians. My friend greeted me cordially and conveyed me willy nilly to his home and installed me at once in the best room in the house, which, I regret to say, was none too elegant, a discouraging evidence of what the world had returned to him for his many years of faithful service. His dear little wife proved scarcely second to him in her pleasant cordiality.

I do not wish to be considered ungracious or cad-

dish in any revelations that I may make about the conditions that presented themselves in this household, but I feel that my host is perfectly secure in his obscurity as I know that the scenes I depict are duplicated in a legion of homes of physicians that I might have visited.

I may begin logically enough with the arrival of the morning mail and its review at the breakfast table. The first communication proved to be an invitation to come in on the ground floor with a company that is developing oil fields down near Mandalay, the sole gesture required of the doctor being to sign a check for any number of shares up to five thousand —the quota for each doctor being limited to that number. The next letter appeared plausible enough from without, but my friend threw over to me, for perusal, a pamphlet on the merits of "Winesupo—Specific in Malnutrition." Then came a check—for three dollars. Two requests followed for donations to worthy enough causes which, because of their very worthiness, probably accounted for the pained expression that overspread the poor fellow's face. There were half a dozen more letters and postals, including announcements of medical society meetings, literature from drug concerns, several bills and, finally, a request for an itemized bill from a patient

who had received a fairly large but, I was assured, a perfectly fair bill.

Under these conditions the grapefruit tasted somewhat bitter and the coffee rather poor. Conversation lagged too, but the doctor's wife slipped the bills from department stores away from the balance of the communications and suggested that my friend need not make out any cheques just yet as she was sure there would be found many errors in them that would reduce these bills. Then, with a woman's instinct to jump into a breach, she seized the newspaper and began on the headlines. After three murders, one hold-up and a divorce case or two, she stumbled on a case of suicide and gave it up in despair. We all arose declaring we had enjoyed a refreshing breakfast.

My friend invited me to spend the next couple of hours in his office with him, these being his office hours, and I gladly accepted. I was happy to perceive at once that at least a dozen and a half patients had gathered, as this furnished definite evidence that my kindly host had made satisfactory progress along his chosen line.

He summoned the first arrival and a somewhat sleek gentlemen entered, withdrawing a group of booklets and a small bottle containing some colored liquid from his pocket as he advanced. He unload-

ed his impedimenta upon the doctor's desk and, thus untrammeled, delivered to us with mouth and hands a five minute lecture on the superiority of the preparations put on the market by his firm over all others. The doctor heard him out with meek resignation and then saw him to the door.

Next, there came a middle-aged lady accompanied by a rather wild child who amused himself during the stay by revolving pencil sharpeners and swivel chairs and converting the platform of the doctor's scales into an improvised spring board. The mother expressed her intention to pay her bill like one resigned to meet an inevitable unfairness, but not until the doctor had made a reduction in the amount of the bill. My poor friend paid no heed to her reasons but made the deduction and dismissed his visitor with a sigh, after which he devoted a few minutes to putting his scales back in order and unwinding the swivel chairs.

Now came a really sick man who spent but a few moments in detailing his symptoms and impatiently awaited while the doctor jotted down notes on a filing card. He was submitted to a very careful examination, after which he received sane, clear-cut advice, a single prescription and an encouraging pat on the shoulder in return for the few dollars he paid and the gratitude he expressed.

The door closed this time behind a book agent who reviewed in turn each one of the books carried inside of his satchel, according them praise that was a rank exposure of the incapacity of the accredited reviewers of several medical journals, whose opinions on the same volumes I still had in mind. Patiently my friend heard him out and then, without a shade of remonstrance, affixed his signature to an application requesting the delivery of two of the most expensive treatises of the lot. With a "Good by and good luck," this visitor took his departure.

The next fifteen or twenty minutes were devoted to two or three children who had been referred, without cost to them, from the dispensary as there was no session this day and they required care. No pains were spared with them and they left a trifle more happy for the stick of chocolate that each one was handed.

About this time I became lost in meditation and as I lolled back in the heavy chair, contentedly puffing a cigar, I conceived a great big, homey heaven peopled by men of the type of the one flitting back and forth past my eyes, and it seemed to me the most happy, comforting and restful place that I had ever visited. Meantime I was aware of a diversity of drab figures intruded on my vision as one after another entered and left the patient man's office

until, finally, a cheery voice broke in on my dream with, "Come on, Munchausen, we're off!"

"You didn't notice that last patient, did you Munchausen? She was swell. There she goes, getting into that nifty sedan across the street," the doctor said to me as we stepped into his runabout.

"No," I replied, "but I hope she was good for a nifty fee."

"Nifty fee! Not exactly. She came to get me to refer her to a specialist," he replied.

My friend speeded off at a rate so high that I, who think nothing of forty to fifty miles an hour, found it necessary to call his attention to the fact that the traffic cop, whom we were passing, was signalling him to stop, but by the time I had the last word out, we were already six blocks beyond the officer and not one jot did be abate his speed. In fact we soon passed another one so fast that I never saw him at all. He proceeded to explain to me the cause of his haste and I assure you that the majority of his words were lost to me for so rapidly did we depart from the spot where each was uttered that they were left absolutely behind. I did catch the single word "consultation" and remained content with that. One's mind behaves so peculiarly that notwithstanding the danger that threatened us because of this mad flight, I found myself musing on

a totally unimportant and stupid speculation that had often before occupied me. Riding in open, rapidly moving vehicles, I have been perplexed by the fact that a tiny fly propels itself backward and forward without the least apparent effort or concern, whereas I would suppose that it must be at any moment swept far behind by the strong current of air against which we moved, and which might be strong enough to cause us to protect our faces. My meditation was cut short by our arrival at our destination. Here, after all the speed, the doctor was delayed by some perversity of the locking mechanism and, after he had spent ten minutes over it, I cautioned him that no less than seven motor cops were bearing down upon us from the direction we had just come. For a moment he was nonplussed, and then, rushing over to where I was seated, he picked me up in his arms, cautioning me to lie inert with my eyes closed. This I did.

"Hey, hey," shouted the foremost policeman, "d'ye think ye're in a velodrome? Wait a minute, wait a minute."

"Don't stop me," cried my companion, shouldering the fellow out of the way. "I've a dying man here."

The cop stood back astonished and embarrassed, and we entered the house without molestation. I had learned a dodge for trial in New York City.

The case proved to be one of pulmonary involvement and a surprising array of medical talent had been assembled for the conference. No less than five specialists of the greatest eminence had been convened. It occurred to me that they do not do these things by halves in this part of the world, and I saw in the event an opportunity for me to bring to medical attention the fruits of some experiments I had lately made in my leisure moments.

After much weighty discussion the diagnosis simmered down finally to a differentation between pneumonia and the presence of fluid in the pleural cavity. It was at this juncture that I stepped from the background which I had voluntarily assumed.

"Gentlemen of the Medical Faculty of India," said I, "allow me, by a very simple expedient, to resolve that question for you?"

Granted their assent, I withdrew from my pocket, a special spirometer invented by me. The patient was directed to breathe into this several times and then ordered to take a deep breath and to expel it into the mouthpiece. The spirometer registered "Seven."

"Now," said I, "with all your power, take a deeper breath." He made the effort and, expelling it into the spirometer, the instrument registered "Eight."

"Pneumonia!" I pronounced.

There was quite some applause at this declaration, and we repaired to the other room for refreshments.

The family and the friends of the patient were gathered about in open-mouthed admiration, and no doubt some among them were anxious to evaluate, in a measure, the talents of the various consultants against the necessity of calling upon one in a future emergency. One of this medical galaxy scented such a situation and at the last moment effectually demonstrated his pre-eminence in a manner most satisfactory to the critical audience.

The father of the sick boy approached one of the doctors and asked his fee. "Seventy-five rupees," replied that gentleman. He passed from one to another and each, taking his cue from the first, named the same figure. Meantime just one of the consultants, Emir Pashee, had edged away from the others, so that he came to be the last to be interviewed. "Seventy-five rupees," "Seventy-five rupes," "Seventy-five rupees," came to the assemblage in wearying monotony. Then it was that the father approached Emir Pashee.

"How much shall I pay you?" he questioned in mere formality.

"One hundred rupees," came the reply in loud tones from that consultant, and the awed audience

had learned how to value the medical gentlemen present.

I must not forget to add that my friend, the general practitioner, received his fee, also, of five rupees.

Chapter XXVII.

He Attends a Medical Society Meeting.

We drove off to the next call and just as I was congratulating myself on the ruse by which I had curtailed further discussion and waste of time at the case we had just quitted (for I was firmly convinced that my friend was quite capable of duly making a correct diagnosis), my contentment was disturbed by this question:

"By the way, Munchausen, how does that spirometer of yours work, and how did you make that differentiation?"

At least, my friend exhibited more scientific curiosity than did the colleagues who had swallowed the thing whole, I thought, and I felt grateful that the whirr of the motor of a plane of the Municipal Aero Line, under which we were just then passing, drowned out our voices and allowed me a moment for thought. When I could make myself heard, I was prepared.

"You observed," I began, "that I had the boy take several natural breaths?"

"I noticed that," he replied.

"And then I had him take a deep breath?" I continued.

"I noticed that, too," he declared.

"Well, sir," I concluded with a conviction that pleased even myself, "I then directed the boy to take a very deep breath. Now in the making of any effort, such as is implied in taking a deep breath, we never exert the extreme energy of which we may be capable, always hoarding a slight reserve of effort. This final modicum of energy was expended when the very, very deep breath was called for in our case. In the case of an effusion of fluid, limiting the expansion of the lung, the very, very deep breath cannot accomplish any more than an ordinary deep breath. Therefore the dial registers the same in both cases. In your sick lad, however, the pneumonic lung underwent still a slight increase of expansion with the very deep breath, and the dial registered higher, clinching the diagnosis."

I sat back and puffed my cigar. My companion did not seem completely convinced, however. The theory seemed logical enough to him but he was not convinced which way it should work. He really felt alarmed, he said, because perhaps my instrument

had proved it to be a pleuritic effusion after all. It would seem to him that the pneumonic lung, with its disabled air vesicles, would be the one that would not allow of further expansion while the effusion in the pleural cavity might be expected to give a trifle under pressure. By the time he had finished, I began to believe that I had really propounded an interesting problem, but I contented myself by uttering the profound judgment that facts are facts, which he didn't attempt to deny.

I was invited in to see the next patient with the doctor as he described it as one of great interest and rarity. As far as I could observe, it was merely a pregnant woman, and feeling that as such she failed to fulfill the characterization accorded her, I plainly said so to my friend when we departed.

"Oh, I see," said he, "I haven't told you the particulars."

The particulars turned out briefly to be that this was a case of exposure on the battle field. The young woman had been engaged in collecting vegetables in a field near the battlefield when a bullet that had plowed through the interstitial gland of a soldier spent itself in plunging into her abdomen. As time passed, it appeared that she was pregnant, and her case was exciting great interest throughout the country.

Perhaps I did not exhibit the surprise that was expected of me but I seemed to remember a similar case reported in the medical annals of the Civil War in America, and another from the Napoleonic era, and, indeed, one even from the time of Caesar. Moreover, I have no doubt that after this report, this explanation will account for many cases of pregnancy which may occur during succeeding wars.

After several more visits, we returned to his home for supper after which, despite my remonstrances, he dragged me off to a medical meeting. I should have rather stayed at home in the company of his very delightful wife, to whose charms I had completely succumbed.

The meeting of the Medical Society of the County of Rangoon was conducted very much after the manner of the occidental societies which I had attended, except that a frankness of expression and of criticism by the audience appealed to me as a very praiseworthy feature. The remarks by the audience, indeed, were in some instances made eloquent by certain physical demonstrations that ordinarily might be considered ill-mannered, even though well-merited.

For example, as we entered an unctuous chap had

just begun his discussion of the paper of the evening. "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I think the reader of the paper is to be congrat— —" He got no further for at that moment a rather soft tomato come in contact with his eye and sloshed down into his mouth. Before he had completed his toilet, another doctor had gotten under way and he finished without assault. The next gentleman went along well enough until he said about all he had to say and then went on to repeat himself, exceeding his time limit. A carrot or two, unskillfully projected, called his attention to the fact and he sat down. A little later a prominent practitioner launched out into details regarding cases in his own practice, which did not seem to have any bearing on the matter under discussion, and he went out by the cabbage route.

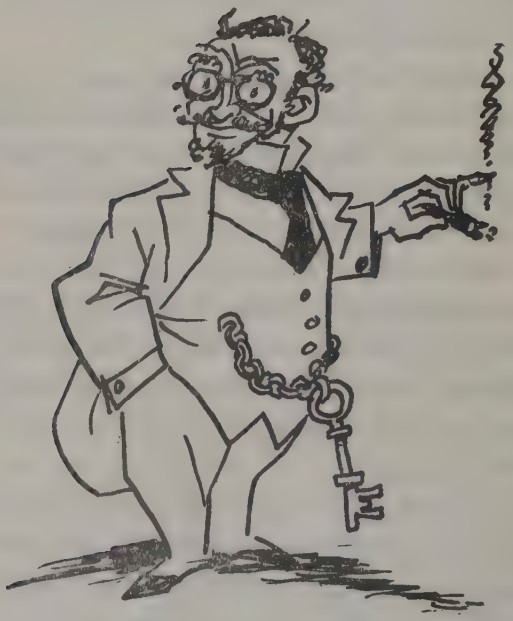
But one trifling incident did occur during the evening which made my visit seem quite worth while to me. A very young man arose during the discussion following the presentation of a case and in a most obnoxious manner proceeded to pan the general practitioner. "Such a case as the one just exhibited clearly shows how remiss the general man can be in holding on to his cases too long." At that point I felt my good friend next to me move uneasily in his seat.

"While the general man wasted time with his well-enough intended medical treatment," continued the young surgeon, "the patient passed beyond the stage of possible surgical intervention." I felt myself getting warm by contact with my indignant neighbor who was now squirming about most impatiently. But he waited for the young surgeon to finish and then he asked for the floor.

"How long, I ask you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, are we going to allow every self-styled specialist to arise on the floor of this Society and take upon himself the liberty of criticising, without any justification, the conduct of the internist?" demanded my friend. "No sooner does a young man enter the realm of so-called specialism, by allowing a period of two months to pass since he made his last emergency call, than do we find him here, attacking men, riper in experience and judgment and at least as earnest, scientific and painstaking in their study of their cases, invariably with the objectionable insinuation that as ordinary general practitioners they are only competent to serve as middlemen in the handling of their patients. I, for one, do here, and now, most earnestly object."

This sincere outburst was greeted by prolonged applause, and the Chairman took the excellent op-

portunity to declare the meeting adjourned and the collation open, whereupon one of the vegetable bearers threw a bouquet of roses to the presiding officer.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

He Emulates Jonah.

It seemed as if the time had positively flown when, a few days later, I received word at breakfast that my boat would depart that same day. I bade my friend a regretful goodby and then I discovered to my great sorrow that his wife was unable to see me. So great is my delicacy in these matters that you may be sure that I made no attempt to alter her decision as I understood thoroughly the emotion under which she no doubt was suffering. Only once during my stay had I permitted myself to reveal to her the true state of my feelings. I recalled now how she had averted her face and then thrown herself on a chaise-longue and buried her head in a pillow. All I could hear was a gentle susurrus and thinking she had fainted from joy, I rushed out of doors to a neighboring drug store to procure some aromatic spirits of ammonia. There, a slight delay unfortunately occurred. While waiting the filling of my prescription, so nervous was I that I stood at the counter cutting away at my finger nails. Somehow the

scissors slipped and I gashed my hand so deeply that the blood gushed forth in a copious red stream. Immediately, as if struck by lightning, six women, all customers in the store, tumbled to the floor in a mass faint. For the succeeding ten minutes I was obliged to devote my medical skill to reviving them, and, the task completed, I made to leave. But, no! The six women confronted me in a row, each demanding a bill for services from me. I demurred emphatically and was about to force my way out when the druggist intercepted me and explained that to deny these ladies the privilege of paying a medical fee would violate a sacred Indian custom and, in the event that each one had a male protector in the way of a husband, brother or what not, I would find myself shortly with six affairs of honor on my hands in consequence of my fancied chivalry. Under these conditions, you may be sure that I accepted the proffered fees although I made out a cheque in turn to the building fund of the "Home for Indigent and Infirm Specialists," which was in the course of erection at Rangoon.

When I returned with the aromatic spirits, the lady of my longing was walking in the garden with her husband, where he no doubt had summoned her, and we were obliged to bear our secret in silence as the opportunity to meet alone never again pre-

sented, a severe headache seeming to incapacitate her during the balance of my stay.

I dallied a while on the wharf, watching the gentle soosoo at play in the water, and then, traversing the gang plank, I found for myself an advantageous place near the poop deck where I could discover any passengers that might approach the steamer. To my great surprise and delight who should come swinging jauntily up the gangway in a very few minutes but my dear friend, the bootblack.

"Hello, Boots," I cried, scarcely able to contain myself.

"Prince of St. Louis," he admonished me with acerbity in his tone.

"Ha, ha, and did they give the Prince the gate?" mocked I.

"I should say *not*," he returned with a chuckle.

"What are you doing here, then?" I inquired.

"My dear fellow," he explained, "when one is about to enter the royal family, by the matrimonial route, it becomes his duty to make a pilgrimage to the 'Institute for the Study of Eugenics,' at the Andaman Islands, to get the right dope. That's me!" This with his thumbs caught in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"And me!" I cried. "Did they forget all about me?"

"Oh, no, not at all," he said. "They held a suttee for you, right enough. There you were in effigy, way up on top of the pile. But instead of the Flowerjah immolating herself on the pyre, she applied the match and then lit her cigarette with it."

I found so little to interest me in this braggart's conversation that I turned back to my medical journal and allowed him to flaunt off to attend to his baggage. Unfortunately, I should be thrown too much in his company on the voyage across the Bay of Bengal as we two were apparently the only white men on board. I comforted myself with the thought that I had brought aboard a dozen copies of the English bible and I would be able to devote my leisure to teaching the ignorant Lascar crew how to read in them, as well as other rudiments of learning, in this manner escaping the society of the Prince of St. Louis at the same time.

Everything went just as I had projected. In three days, my pupils had made excellent progress, and the only fly in my ointment was the fact that the bootblack seemed to have established a little school of his own in competition with mine. While I was devoting myself to the study of the English language, with the bible as a model and text book, he essayed to teach them numbers and the simpler mathematical processes. So I learned from one of

the Lascars. I ignored and laughed down the efforts of this illiterate fellow, but his course proved of the greatest advantage to him, and that much sooner than I could possibly have expected despite his notorious luck.

It was on the fourth day out that a devastating storm broke. The wind blew at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, the rain fell in sheets and the frail bark was tossed about, hither and thither, as completely shut off from the rest of the world as if we were traversing the primal sea. Then it was that the behavior of the crew, which seemed to be practising a studied avoidance of the bootblack and me, caused us to seek what solace we might find in each other's company. When the storm continued unabated on the next day, we became still more isolated and when some duty carried one of the Lascars into our neighborhood, he would glance furtively in our direction and hurry away as if contaminated by the very propinquity. Unchanged this condition continued into the next day, and toward midday I had resolved to end the suspense by confronting our sullen shipmates in the forecastle, when my plan was anticipated by the appearance of one of them, a great burly fellow, approaching us with a white flag presenting from one of his large, coarse hands. In the other hand he held a book which he

thrust into my hands and then quickly retired as if fearing pursuit. Indeed, the bootblack aimed a kick at his retreating form. I promptly recognized the book as one of the bibles which I had so thoughtfully provided the crew. I gazed at the little token of confidence and trust with tear-bedimmed eyes when the gross fellow at my side broke in on my meditation with:

"Well, you Dumbbell, don't you see there is a marked place? See what it says!"

I looked again and sure enough there was a bookmark projecting from it. My efforts at education had not fallen on sterile ground. Some passage of comfort, no doubt, thought I. At this juncture, the impatient Prince jerked the bible from my hand, opened it, read, and then, with a sickly grin, turned the page toward me. With the greatest mortification and surprise I read in Jonah, 1.12:

"——*Take me up and cast me forth into the sea; and so shall the sea be calm unto you,*——"

By way of elucidating further their intentions, someone had written in a very clear script, which pleased me even at this moment, the pertinent question, "*Which one of you?*"

The bootblack promptly proceeded to convince me that, of the two of us, I was the better equipped to emulate such a sacred character. His logic fail-

ing, he became maudlin and reminded me that a dear little woman anxiously awaited his return. How would I ever be able to face her? This merely infuriated me, and I told him plainly that, in any conditions, I never anticipated renewing my acquaintance with the lady, so the difficulty he suggested was unlikely to trouble me. Then he became angry and, waving the Book in my face, he cried:

"After all, it was your damn nonsense that brought the whole thing about. Educate the heathen," he snarled. "Why don't you stick to educating the doctors? Judging by the one I know best, you'd have your hands full."

"Well," said I, retaining my calm despite this unmerited criticism, "the only thing that we can do, is to draw lots."

"All right," he replied, brightening up considerably. "I'll get one of them bloody Lascars and let him choose a number and then we'll each try *not* to guess it." And before I had time to demur, he was off and as promptly back with the same swarthy fellow in tow.

Even in the brief interval of his absence, it occurred to me that the bootblack had been the one to guide the crew in their mathematical training, but I was unable to think of any manner in which that

fact would insure him any advantage, so I offered no objection when he bade the Lascar to take a number up to ten, adding that whichever of us called the number would be ready to meet their conditions. The stupid sailor seemed to be impressed that at least the white man does not lack in courage. He turned his back on us and signified his readiness.

"Four," called the bootblack, taking the initiative, and, I thought, for once acting like a prince.

"Five," said I.

The Lascar remained immobile and I knew the die was not yet cast.

"Three," my friend announced bravely.

"S-s-s——" My voice caught in my emotion, and the bootblack turned to me with what I deemed, at the moment, overwhelming anxiety. "Seven," I got it out all right at length. Boots looked crestfallen.

"Eight," said the bootblack wearily.

"Six," said I, and even before the Lascar could turn about to tag me, the scorpion bootblack had blurted out, "That's the boy!"

The Lascar, his duty ended, slunk away, even as I closed my fingers about my companion's throat. He emitted, amidst his gurgles, a plea to let him explain, and I relaxed my grip for the moment. With a great show of righteousness, he declared that there had been no collusion of any kind. The fact was

that at the last lesson he had given the crew, five days ago, he had taken up the number "six," and he had felt reasonably sure that those dumbbells would remember no other number. Would I apologize now?

I decided to waste no time in useless parley with such a trickster and, ruminating on my eternal ill luck, always throwing an ambsace at dice, I could not resist the fascination of striding over to the rail to glance at the lashing fury of the waves. Imagine my distress in discovering a great ferocious shark following hungrily in our wake. But in a jiffy I had recovered myself so that, I pride myself, not even my malicious companion observed my concern, and in another second I had planned a complete campaign, which should, if I came through it, carry some benefit to mankind in general, an interest that never strayed far from my mind.

I went below and very soon returned on deck with both of my legs thoroughly encased in plaster-of-Paris and carrying in my hand a satchel bearing the kit I felt I should need. The Prince, that is the bootblack, regarded me in mild astonishment but never said a word. Carelessly I mounted the rail and then as I dived straight for the widely opened jaws of the shark, I heard the "Good by and good

I made an opening on the surface of the shark, and employed him as a submarine.

luck" of the bootblack mingled with a murmur of admiration from the crew.

So swiftly and so accurately had I projected myself that, without ever touching the water, my head, neck and torso had entered the shark's throat before he could close his jaws. Then I realized that his teeth had snapped together on the plaster-of-Paris that protected my limbs. Believe me, they opened with a suddenness that indicated distaste. At that moment I seized the base of his tongue and plunged myself down his gullet and in to his stomach in a good imitation of a glass of stage whiskey going down the villain's throat.

Safe in the monster's capacious maw, I stretched myself at full length and briefly reviewed my plans. After a short nap, I arose and withdrew from my satchel a heavy knife and rid myself of the encumbering bandages about my legs. Then I proceeded through the pylorus and sat down in the first portion of the duodenum. Next, I withdrew a saturated solution of magnesium sulphate from my satchel. I diluted it down to thirty-three and a third per cent. with sea water, which I wrung from my garments, and emptied it into the gut. In a few moments, I found myself up to my neck in bile, and I was obliged to swim for it. As I felt the inundation recede, passing on down to the ileum, I took

a firm hold on the wall of the dodecadactylon, holding my position. At the moment, I felt the shark lash himself with a twinge of colic. I regarded the pylorus. It was tightly closed and looked thickened. I felt shut off from escape and became alarmed. I tried to insert my hand through it and glowing with scientific enthusiasm, I exclaimed aloud, "Hypertrophic pyloric stenosis." I laughed at the strange sound of my voice. I seized a scalpel, determined to operate, when there flashed through my mind the work of an American, Haas—Sidney Haas, I think—and I got out an atropine solution instead. I sprayed the solution on the pylorus and lo! like the door of the thieves den, the sphincter relaxed to this "Open sesame." But with escape possible, I changed my mind and decided to explore further. I would implant some bacteria in the appendix and see if I could institute an attack of appendicitis, and I should study the pathology as it developed. Just then, unfortunately, I lost my way. I think I must have gotten into a Meckel's diverticulum or whatever it may be termed in sharks. At any rate I came to a blind alley and I grew alarmed and, besides, I was becoming a little concerned about where I should ultimately find myself if I proceeded downward.

I sat down and considered the matter carefully.

I had soon decided. From my kit, I withdrew a scalpel, for a second time. Then I hesitated before doing the deed. I must have severed the aorta for I felt my host shiver for a moment and then all movement ceased.

I realized now that the only thing left to do was to cut my way out, but the disquieting thought just as promptly arose, where would I be when I got out. After turning the matter over in my mind briefly, it occured to me that I must take advantage of the carcass of my host as a sailing craft. All that was necessary was to make an opening on the uppermost surface of my shark and seated up there employ him as a very acceptable substitute for a submarine. No doubt he was floating now on the surface of the water with the upper surface of his body out of the water. But which direction was up? That I could not tell. I remembered that I had read somewhere that aviators caught in the clouds have difficulty in telling whether their craft is right side up or not and I began to weep now in sympathy for them. If I cut through the wrong side, obviously the water would rush in and carry me and the shark both to the bottom. I had no concern about the shark, however.

At this juncture, there flitted into my mind a story that I had heard long ago. It concerned the

arrival of two gamblers at a deserted railroad station in the middle of a stormy night. They alighted on the snow-covered platform. No lights anywhere, no pathway to guide them. The one set down his grip in the snow and stood bewildered. The other hesitated but an instant and then started off at a brisk pace through the snowdrifts.

"To the hotel,' replied the other.

"Where are you going?" shouted the first.

"To the hotel," replied the other.

"How do you know where it is?" questioned the first.

t's either this way or *that,*" answered the de.

termined one, "and an even chance is good enough for anyone."

That story settled it for me and I struck out bravely with my scalpel. You may well believe that it was an anxious moment when I made the last incision and lifted a broad strip of hide from the creature's surface. My lips moved in devout thanks as my eyes met the blue sky and a midday sun just over my head.

Quickly I lashed a strong cord to the tail of the shark, which supplied a satisfactory rudder. For about an hour, I studied the course of the sun and then steered a course in the same direction, knowing the Andaman Islands lay somewhere to the West. I was obliged to paddle with my hands.

I had gone but a few miles when I noticed that the temperature of the water was falling and that there was a decided chill in the air. I looked about for a cause and, straining my eyes, I could make out a great iceberg about seven miles ahead with a shivering man seated on it. When I caught up with it, I recognized the stranded man to be none other than the bootblack. My first inclination was to treat him coldly and pass him by, but the irony of the idea of treating a man, shivering on an iceberg, coldly caused me to laugh and to regain my good humor.

I could make out a great iceberg with a shivering man on it.

"Hello, Boots," I hailed him. "What are you doing there?"

He was disposed to be peevish. "Why, trying to escape the heat of the city, of course. What'd you suppose?" he snapped.

"No, no, tell me what really happened to you!" I urged in placating tones.

"Nothing at all. Only those students of yours went your bible one better. Two of us were required to appease the Bay of Bengal," he explained.

"Is that what they said?" I laughed.

"Not in just those words," he answered. "They handed me another book with a marked place. It was Kipling's poems, and I read a stanza something like this:

'For the Burmans said
That a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.'

"They thought turn about would be fair play. Two of us ought to square it for the whole crew, or nearly."

It was surprising how oratorical the bootblack could be from the top of an iceberg.

"Pull alongside now and I'll slip down," he continued.

I held my course.

"Come on over, Munchy," he called.

"Ta, ta, Prince," I called back.

"What the dicken's the matter? Hey, hey— —" Boots was becoming perturbed.

I turned my back on him.

"Oh, you big bag of wind, you sausage skin stuffed with air. You— — " he cried abusingly.

I turned my head and regarded him vaguely. "Don't get so hot, Prince," I admonished, "or you'll melt your iceberg."

After that I was obliged to stuff my ears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

He Visits an Eugenic Station.

It must have appeared a strange craft, indeed, that finally pulled up on the beach at Minaloa, one of the Andaman Islands. A wide stretch of the strand was densely packed with natives awaiting my arrival. The story of my sacrifice had been communicated to a stevedore by one of the crew of the Pawlee, the steamer from which I had been expelled, just before she had departed from this port, and such was my reputation, even in these obscure parts, that there seemed not to have been any doubt entertained as to my safe arrival sooner or later. I dodged the reception of the simple folk as well as I could, and made at once for the office of the Superintendent of the Eugenic Station.

Dr. Larabee, the medical man in charge, who talked with the intonation of an Englishman but was otherwise all right, proved most cordial, and over a great rib of beef and a splendid bottle of wine, I recounted to him the little adventure I had just passed through. Then, like a kindly father, he led

Nothing approached the view for beauty except the adorable maid.

me to my room and bade me get a good long sleep, closing with the promise of a day or two of mild amusement and interest which he felt his little eugenic settlement could supply me.

I awoke after fifteen hours of sleep, completely refreshed, and I met the Doctor for breakfast on a piazza overlooking the most entrancing stretch of blue water imaginable. Nothing that I had ever seen approached the view for beauty, except, perhaps, the features of the completely adorable maid who appeared to serve us. Dr. Larabee informed me, in response to my question, that the eugenic settlement over which he presided as a sort of governor as well as director, had been in existence for one hundred and seventy-seven years, being successively governed by his grandfather and his father before him. Despite the fact that Gregor Mendel had only presented the results of his experiments, to the world, in the year 1866, and those, indeed, had not come under general scientific scrutiny until Tschermak and others had repeated his work twenty-five years later, it appeared that his theory had been perfectly well understood and practiced for almost two centuries right here in this remote settlement.

"Look there," exclaimed Dr. Larabee, at the very moment. "There goes a woman for whom we work-

ed for four generations. And how deplorable and discouraging has been the outcome!"

I looked in the direction indicated and my eyes fell upon a rather sweet matron who, judging from her attire, might have been a Quaker, a shaker or a new England nun. Indeed, so I expressed myself.

"You are perfectly right," replied Dr. Larabee. "That's what we made of her and that's what we had intended. And we made a mate for her of the same model. And we married them. And they had four children. Now, what would you suppose such offspring would turn out to be?"

"Well," I replied, "judging from my knowledge of the family trees of the Kalikaks, the Edwards and the Jukes, I suppose two entered the ministry, one became a missionary and one a Sunday School teacher."

"Bravo!" ejaculated the doctor. "That's precisely what might have been expected, but, instead, two have entered the penitentiary, one is a drunkard and the fourth, a mere boy, is a very skillful pickpocket. I keep the boy about here, ostensibly to run errands, but mainly to attempt his reformation. Look out for your watch, here he comes now."

A most attractive and unsophisticated youth, with large innocent blue eyes and a shock of blonde hair, came ambling up the path. With the utmost frank-

ness and sincerity, he extended his hand to acknowledge an introduction and then, spying a wisp of cotton caught on my coat, he attempted to brush it away for me, but, as quick as lightning, Dr. Larabee grasped his wrist and, opening his palm, handed back to me my wallet which I carry in an inside coat pocket. The youngster held the doctor away from him with his free arm, during this procedure as if he feared castigation, and as Dr. Larabee released him, he grabbed at his own vest pocket and found his watch gone. This he recovered from the boy who gave no evidence of abashment but rather bore the appearance of injured innocence throughout the entire proceedings. After that we buttoned our coats up tightly and protected our pockets with our hands, while the doctor kicked the youngster down the stoop. He shot back at us just one recriminating glance and disappeared down the road whistling some tune closely resembling "Lead, Kindly Light."

"However," said my host, with a tinge of resignation in his voice, "that scapegrace and his brothers constitute our sole failure, and we are now closely observing the parents in the belief that we may be deceived in their characters, or else, perhaps, the offspring are changelings. If you are

ready, Dr. Munchausen, I will conduct you about and show you some more satisfactory outcomes."

I signified my willingness and I must say that I spent a most instructive day in observing results that proved conclusively, to my mind, the unvarying operation of the principle of hereditary transmission as enunciated by Mendel.

Perhaps the greatest pride of the Director, and justly, too, was centered in a colony of tall men, women and children which he and his predecessors had built up through careful and skillful selection. This group, which now included about thirty families, adhered rigidly to intermarriage and no union was considered, even within their own circle, without the approbation of a scientific board of the Institute. The nucleus of a race of physical giants had been produced and as I nosed into every quarter, I discovered not a single soul that did not measure up to seven foot, two, in height, with physical development in ample proportion. So satisfactory and complete were the results that the attention of the experimenters, easily spared now from the primary problem, was being focused on the fixing of certain subsidiary features of physiognomy, such as the production of a blue-eyed, blonde, small-nosed aspect. Even in this direction noticeble progress had been made.

As we sauntered down the road in earnest discourse about the remarkable accomplishment I had just viewed, my attention was arrested by the martial strains of the *A* flat Chopin polonaise, ringing out like the accompanying choir of a band of charging cavalrymen.

I stood awestruck. "A master musician," I ventured, as the last note died away.

"A master musician!" repeated my companion sententiously. "But more interesting than that is that he, too, and he is only one of a group of five, is a eugenic product. Of course you remember that musical sense, like deaf mutism, amaurotic family idiocy and red hair (in some instances) is a recessive hereditary character. If that fact required further proof in your mind, I hold the proof right here as I shall introduce you to our young virtuosi on the instant. Goodness, goodness, how difficult it is to bring out these recessive characters."

Dr. Larabee was as good as his word and for the next two hours I forgot entirely about everything connected with eugenics, transported as I was to another, and more spiritual, world by the art of these young masters.

"Marvelous, astounding, heavenly," I cried after Beethoven's sonata, *opus* 53. "You can not, you

must not stagnate here. You are for the great metropolis, the world, you are for New York City."

"Exactly right again," rejoined Dr. Larabee. "Since you are a musician, and no doubt attend concerts, I can assure you that it is our own little workshop, right before your eyes, that supplies the greatest numbers of artists that you have applauded on the concert stage in New York. Just glance over this scrap book, which contains the criticisms of just one month. See, here is Aldrich, there Deems Taylor and Krehbiel—but just look for yourself."

I looked and I was surprised, indeed, to find his word completely substantiated. None but the names of the greatest artists did I find there, but more interesting than anything else to me was the discovery, among this galaxy, of the name of a physician, living in the eighties in New York City, whom I know very intimately.

We made but one more stop before it was time for the doctor to return to his office for an engagement. This time it was polydactylism which my friend presented to me for observation. Sure enough, he, and his co-workers, had produced a great colony of individuals, every one of which was blessed with six fingers and six toes. I searched for a single variant but found none. Castle had not done as well with fowl as these experimenters had done with

human beings. I had nothing but praise for my friend, and I took the opportunity to quote to him the cases and facts that I had reported in the *Journal of the Americon Medical Association*, some years ago, in an attempt to prove that polydactylism was not a dominant but a recessive character. I think the Director agreed with me but he was noncommittal. True scientists are invariably non-committal.

Regretfully I saw Dr. Larabee depart, as my scientific appetite was now thoroughly aroused. Left alone, I wandered over to a very beautiful boscage and sank down to rest on a rustic bench.

As I reclined there in reverie, my face buried in my hands, I gradually became aware, through my acute sixth sense, that someone had stolen up and was seated close to me. Next, I heard a deep and heartfelt sigh. Finally, I turned and, to my great surprise, found that my companion was none other than the very adorable maid that had served my breakfast that morning and upon whom, I remembered, I had bestowed an approving smile—but nothing more.

"Oh, Mister Munchowsen," she murmured.

"Well, well, little one, what now?" I asked, rather gruffly.

"Oh, Mister Munchowsen," she repeated.

"What! Have they produced talking mannikins here, too?" I asked witheringly. As she flushed, I seemed to view a Turner sunset.

"Oh, Mister Munchowsen——"

I interrupted her, thunderously. "Munchausen, Munchausen, or more properly, Minchausen, but Munchausen will do."

"Oh, Mister Munchowsen, you're so funny," she pursued, ignoring my correction entirely.

"Funny, am I? So! Is that what attracts you to me, then?" I sneered.

Her rosebud mouth threw dimples as she laughed. I seemed to hear the purring of a spring over its bed.

"You have such a dear, funny way of talking, I mean," she replied, appeasingly.

"Yes, yes," said I, "but with all these very perfect men manufactured here to order, one might say, why do you pick on me?"

"Oh, Mr. Munchowsen, is it possible you don't understand? You who are so wise. I have no desirable hereditary traits. I have not been developed according to eugenic principles. I am a thing apart, an outcast. I am alone, all alone." The poor wisp burst into tears.

In a moment, I was at her feet. In impassioned phrases I begged her to be mine. I recited her

beauty and charm to her in pure, if somewhat flowery, English. I pointed out the advantages she would enjoy as my wife—and there my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I seemed to recall that I had plighted my troth on several occasions before. Just then as luck would have it, she gently kicked me in the chin to apprise me that we were not alone in our retreat. I regained my place at her side, and, while I remained silent, dazed with emotion, she noiselessly stole away in the direction of the Institute.

I paid no heed to the other occupants of the dell, who were seated in pairs on nearby benches until I was aroused by a gruff voice next to me.

"Things are certainly going to the devil around here!" it said.

I turned and my eyes encountered a shabby, unkempt fellow who promptly made me think of the brothers of our pickpocket. I buttoned my coat.

"Sure, they are," he continued without invitation. "There was that crooked District Attorney who passed the buck last week, and now there's them double crossers spooning over there." He pointed to the adjoining benches.

I really wasn't interested but I suggested that he might make his meaning clear.

"Didn't the Boss tell you?" he questioned, warming

up. "Gee, I thought he would when I see you two giving those big blokes the once over. No, he wouldn't, I suppose. Never goes in for scandal. It wasn't much, though. Just a dwarf making its appearance as the offspring of one of those 'eugenic unions,' as they say, among the tall crowd. My God, what a fuss they made. Every fifteen minutes another profesor came down to their village and turned the kid upside down and inside out to discover how come. They went over the parents' histories and their people's way back, and they examined them all from head to foot over and over again. They couldn't understand it and they never would, if it hadn't been for cock-eyed Sam Stillings. He belongs down at the cross-eye settlement, and he got drunk one night and was singing one of his songs just as the Boss was passing. It went like this:

"There's great ado down Giant's Bay,
And it's all about a kid;
Oh, hubby was traveling far away—
I wonder what wifey did?

"The Profs, they all are up in the air,
And it's all about a kid;
Oh, I've got to tell 'em, with my Latin flair,
About the *Tertium quid.*"

My companion fell to humming. Judging by the repetitions, there must have been a host of unsung stanzas. Finally I interrupted him.

"Go ahead with your story," I suggested.

"Oh, yes," he assented. "Well, the Boss called a meeting of the council for the next night, to which the District Attorney was invited, and read a paper entitled, 'A Human Factor Vitiating Eugenic Results, With a Pertinent Example.' The District Attorney, who is a very short man, sat through the reading, very fidgety and blushing horribly, they say, but no urging could induce him to make an investigation with a view to prosecution, although it was clear that a crime had been committed against our laws."

"You think he could have made out a good case?" I asked.

"What language do they talk where you come from?" my roughneck companion inquired insolently. "I thought I hinted that he could have presented a case that would have convinced even a New York murder jury, without even leaving his seat that night."

He resumed his humming and I fell into a revery. Suddenly he broke out again:

"Confound it, gaze at them over there!"

I observed nothing in the direction indicated ex-

cept two swains and their respective lady loves indulging in petting parties on adjacent benches. Indeed, they were remarkably quiet and unobtrusive. I called his attention to the fact.

"Sure they are quiet. Why wouldn't they be? In the one pair, the fellow's a dummy, in the other the girl's a dummy—deaf, deaf and dumb. That's an infraction of the rules. Each group must keep to its kind or how are we to expect perfect eugenic results. I've a good mind to pinch the whole bunch myself."

I was charmed and overwhelmed by this fellow's scientific enthusiasm and I frankly told him so. He was very much pleased with my commendation and had launched off on a very interesting story when our attention was arrested by the voice of the articulate young fellow on the nearer bench.

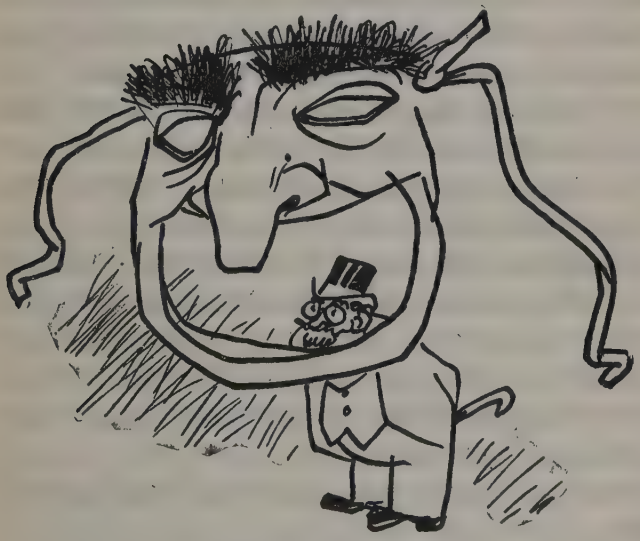
"Dearest, let me gaze into your heavenly eyes—"

His companion unable to hear his request, kept her head buried on his chest, but the young lady on the further bench released herself and, looking demurely over at the impassioned youth, replied most engagingly, "Tell me, what do you read there?"

In another moment, the first speaker had made his way over to the articulate miss and escorted her to a secluded nook further away where, I assume, he answered her question. For an instant, only, were

the forsaken pair dumfounded, and then they, too, hand in hand, wandered away and out of sight.

"Thus," said I to my companion, "do things in nature, left to themselves, adjust themselves." With that I departed.



I awaited the unmasking.

That night a ball was given in my honor. All the wealth of oriental imagination had been expended in the arrangements, and I found myself veritably transported into the realms of the Arabian Nights

of my boyhood tales. If possible, my ecstasy was heightened further by the fact that a most beauteous young maiden readily allowed herself to become captive to my attentions, and made no attempt to leave my side. I awaited most anxiously the moment of unveiling so I might scan her features. That moment I did not await, however, to declare my eternal devotion to her, and with the most condescending charm and graciousness, she accepted my suit.

The time for unmasking arrived at length. We found ourselves quite in the centre of the salon, just at the side of my friend, the Director. With a slow, graceful fling, she exposed her face and then, to my consternation, I discovered that I had again courted the serving maid of my afternoon's experience. She, on her side, however, evinced no surprise, but, advancing to the Director, said in her sweetest tones:

"Dr. Larabee, Mister Munchowsen wants to announce our engagement."

With her still on my arm, I fled from the ball room.

CHAPTER XXX.

He Harnesses the Radio.

I shall always look back with mortification to the flight that I was obliged to make from the Eugenic settlement, and I can only hope that the Director was able to view sympathetically the exigencies of the occasion.

After a restless night, following the Oriental fete, I hurried down to the wharf at dawn and found to my great joy that a steamer was leaving for Arabia within an hour. That exactly suited me, and I was on board with all my belongings long within that space of time. Imagine my consternation and chagrin when I espied the young lady of my recent adventure tripping along in the direction of the docks with a great hand valise dangling at her side.

Just one short second did I hesitate, during which I glanced around to assure myself everything was in shipshape and ready for departure. The men were in their places at the lines, steam was up and the ship seemed to be tugging at the hawsers. I was decided. With a bound, I reached the pilot house;

in another moment, I had given the signal for the start. Lines were cast loose, there was a chugging of the engines, a churning of water at the stern, and as we swung out, a man, who proved to be the captain, made a flying leap from the shore to the deck. I assisted him in the search for the culprit who had almost kept him off his own bark, but I also helped convince him that it wasn't worth while to warp the vessel back into the dock for the sake of a principle that would affect no one at all since the offender was likely to remain unknown.

Our course kept us inshore for quite some distance, and it was with great pleasure that about a mile down, I espied my old comrade, the bootblack, emerging from the waves, carrying the remains of

The bootblack emerging from the waves.

his iceberg under his arm. He looked about as characterless as a picture of a lit cigarette.

"Hey, there, Boots," I cried, "luck to you on your eugenic quest."

"Snake!" he snarled back.

"Name your first offspring after me," I plead.

"We'll name our cat after you, and then poison it," he answered, evidently in very bad humor.

The trip proved to be long and uneventful, and there occurred but a single incident during the entire voyage that is worth recounting.

A few days out a sailor became afflicted with Calenture, and, seized by that strange, but picturesque, delirium in which the sufferer imagines the sea a great, cool, green field in which he yearns to disport, the poor fellow threw himself overboard, and was rescued not without difficulty. I was travelling incog, and there being no other physician on board, it became necessary to request and receive medical advice by wireless.

A few days later, another, and more serious, problem presented itself, and it was then that my extraordinary ingenuity was given expression. Another sailor was taken ill with a severe pain and tenderness in the right iliac region. I so far admitted my medical knowledge as to diagnose acute appendicitis, but, despite the fact that I have over two thousand

appendectomies to my credit, I resisted the temptation to operate. In the emergency the captain again sent a radio for assistance. The reply came back that the nearest vessel, carrying a competent surgeon, lay three hundred miles to the west. I had approached the radio operator with the captain and at this juncture I spoke up.

"Tell them to approach and await further orders," I commanded.

The order was given. Turning to the captain, I directed him to lay his course toward the approaching vessel so we might benefit by full concentration of wireless currents. Then I disappeared below.

Within a very short time, I felt satisfied that the experiment which I had projected was feasible. I had erected in the operating room, a steel contrivance that could be attached to the arm of the surgeon, with antennae arranged to receive radio currents. I visited the radio room again and had the operator transmit to the approaching ship directions for erecting a similar apparatus aboard that ship. Shortly word came back that this had been accomplished.

Ten minutes later, I viewed with the keenest delight the successful operation of my invention. With the appliance attached to his wrist, the arm of a totally inexperienced proxy was guided through the

intricate steps of a difficult operation as if by magic, merely through a surgeon on the sister ship executing the manoeuvres, and having them transmitted by wireless. Our patient made a complete and uneventful recovery.

CHAPTER XXXI.

He Learns About the Preparation of Patent Medicines.

We stopped to coal at an obscure island in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and I accepted the captain's advice to go ashore for the period because anything seemed preferable to the *ennui* that I was enduring aboard ship. To my great astonishment and delight, I encountered much in this out-of-the-way spot with which to enrich my diary.

On my very first excursion across the island, my attention was attracted by the extensive tracts of garden that I observed under cultivation; particularly as I was unable to recognize any familiar plants, fruits or vegetables growing there. After somewhat of a search, and no little inquiry, I finally landed at a large factory building, in which, I was informed, were the offices for the Central Pharmaceutical Manufacturing Company of India, which was sole proprietor of the gardens in question. When I made my mission known, and especially when I declared myself an American by choice, although an

internationalist by residence, the vice-president, whom I was addressing, became more than cordial.

"My dear sir, this is really a great delight," he proclaimed.

"Thank you, so much," I replied, and waited.

"Why, sir, yours is the only country in the world that we supply. Only American dollars can buy our products."

I thought to myself that most of the world was feeling the same way just at present but I remained silent in the hope of learning what that product might be.

"I should say, Mr., Mr.——?" he continued.

"Munchausen," said I.

"Not *the* Munchausen, not really?" he questioned in astonishment.

"Tut, tut—you embarrass me," I blurted.

"Well, sir, I am happy, delighted indeed. Feel as if I had known you for years. Come right into my office. Here, here is the finest whiskey that even you have ever tasted. That is the sort of stuff we make up American medicines with. Yes, sir, the stuff you are now smacking your lips over, goes right in, undiluted, unchanged, to two hundred and thirteen patent medicines sold in your country." He paused for a good sized drink. Then he continued with increasing enthusiasm:

"Do you see how mistaken you have always been, my dear Munchausen? You have given the Feelright Chemical Company credit for curing your countrymen of tuberculosis, you thanked the Fudler Foodles for their freedom from gout. You thought the Farmer's Frolic was American brains, and Doozom's Dyspepsia Chaser you considered an American blessing. But you were totally mistaken right through. Every ounce of those specifics—two hundred and thirteen of them, mind you—is put up right on this spot. The fields you ask about supply every ingredient—except this one." He handed me another glass of the wonderful whiskey.

We left his office, arm in arm, and made a tour of the fields. Despite his enthusiastic pride in their luxuriance, he seemed to know next to nothing about the character or therapeutic action of the different plants. To please me, he called the head horticultor, but he proved even more uninformed. I suggested the chemist or the botanist.

"We need no chemist or botanist here, Doctor. We, this gardener and myself, constitute the entire scientific staff of the Central Pharmaceutical Manufacturing Company of India," he declared, waving his hand affectionately in the direction of the embarrassed horticultor.

"Then, how do you select the ingredients for the

various preparations—two hundred and five, I think you said?" I inquired in surprise.

"How naive. We merely throw in a generous portion of such species as are seasonable at the time, and our success proves our judgment. Of course, the same proportion of alcohol always goes in," he explained.

"But," I persisted, "how do you know how to label the bottles, then?"

"Bottle? Labels!" he exclaimed impatiently. "We don't bottle, we don't label, we sell in bulk, and the manufacturer in America makes up his mind what he wants to use his medicine for, and then tells the public how valuable it is."

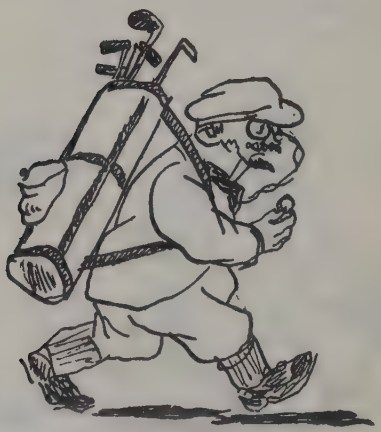
He always gets the alcohol.

"So then, the so-called American manufacturer doesn't know what is in the product you send him nor what it is intended for?" I asked falteringly.

"No, he doesn't need to. He states on his label that the contents of the bottle are useful in so many conditions that he would be a bad guesser if he didn't hit something," was his reply.

"And the purchaser might not get the same thing twice in succession?" I asked finally.

"He always gets the alcohol, you damn fool!" he almost shouted and, turning on his heel, he left me.



CHAPTER XXXII.

He Plays a Round of Golf.

I wandered moodily away from the spot where the proprietor of the Central Pharmaceutical Manufacturing Company had deserted me, with my heart paining at the deception to which my beloved countrymen were being subjected, when suddenly I was brought forcibly back to myself by the impact of a small body against the back of my head. I staggered for a second and then, regaining myself, I turned and stooped to pick up the offending missile from the ground where it lay near me, when an angry voice cried out "Fore, fore," from a little distance away. Understanding very well the rules of the game, I let the golf ball alone but continued to rub the bump on my head while the proprietor of the angry voice approached. When he reached me and noticed the hematoma he had raised on my occiput, his mood suddenly changed and he just as unreasonably broke out into uproarious laughter.

"A good joke, no doubt," I blurted, "but it seems to be all on me. I can't see it."

He slapped me on the back, almost overturning me in his enthusiasm. "Oh, boy," he shouted, "you should have seen that drive."

"I couldn't be at the receiving and the delivering end at the same time, could I, now?" I inquired smilingly. He seemed a nice young fellow after all, and he looked foolish enough to be a doctor.

"No—ha, ha, ha—oh, say, have *you* the foot and mouth disease?" he broke off suddenly.

I examined myself carefully before I replied. "Why, I hope not. What makes you ask?"

He laughed loud and long once more, taking a few practice swings with his driver which I cautiously dodged.

"Foot and mouth disease—golf, don't you see? Walk all day and talk about it all night. That's what we boys over at Mt. Sinai call it."

I understood, and I told him how glad I was to meet a doctor from the renowned Hairsplitter's hospital at Mt. Sinai. As for golf, I asked him to lend me just one club—I chose the putter—and I would be glad to try out the course with him. He was agreeable, so we proceeded to the next tee.

I hate to say it myself, as it may sound vain, but if there is any game in which I consider myself endowed with surpassing skill, it is this game of golf, so you can imagine my delight when I lifted

that pill, with a graceful half-swing of a measly putter for a ride of two hundred and eighty-five yards, to settle not five feet away from the pin. My companion looked startled, but acquitted himself well enough with a drive of about one hundred and thirty yards. It took him three more shots to come up while I was down in an 'eagle' two.

I continued my pace very well, and with two 'eagles' and a pair of 'birdies,' I completed the first nine in 32, three under par. Don't lose sight of the fact that I was using a putter for every shot.

We ascended a mountain to reach the tenth tee, and I must declare that in all my travels I never saw a mountain golf course as magnificent as this one. Think of it, seven of the next nine holes were so constructed that the tee of each was at the summit of one mountain and the green on an adjoining one. If your ball failed to carry on the drive and trickled down into the valley, the difficulty was so great in recovering that the par for this nine was 117—unheard of anywhere else in the world, I believe. Consider it skill or luck, as you will, but the fact is that I never had that unfortunate experience, and I succeeded in covering the nine in 31, making a total of 63, or 89 under par, for the eighteen holes.

I might even assert further that this satisfactory score was accomplished in the face of a self-inflicted

The tee at the summit of one mountain and the green on an adjoining one.

handicap. My friend had neglected to bring along any red balls and on the snow-covered mountain tops, it was impossible to play with white ones. It required little ingenuity to convert the white balls into red ones by means of blood drawn from a finger prick. Inasmuch as this young man explained that he did surgical work and couldn't risk an infection, I was obliged to supply coloring matter for his balls as well as mine. Under such conditions my finger became rather sore, slightly crippling me.

However, I marched back to the club house, rather proud and with a lively desire to compare scores with the many other doctors that my partner assured me I would meet there, just coming in from the course.

Indeed, he was quite right: we encountered a host of medicoes, most pleasant fellows, and, no doubt, under ordinary circumstances, most honest and upright gentlemen. I am afraid the golf course may be a bad influence. The first fellow glanced appraisingly at my card, sniffed a bit, emitted a "pretty good, I did it in 61," and walked away. "That," said I to myself, "must be the professional." I approached another golfer, a rather short, chubby, ineffectual-looking individual, and, handing him my card, inquired: "What do you think of that?" He continued to lace his shoes with one hand, holding

the card carelessly in the other while his eye roamed over the figures. Then he lit a cigar, without offering me one, glanced again at the card, and, finally, as he brushed his hair, uttered through the cigar-gripping teeth, "Pretty good for a first crack. Don't get discouraged, you'll improve, all right." Then he turned his full attention to the part in his hair.

Rather hot now and discomforted, I rushed about among these medical champions to seek out the companion of my round. I found him in conversation with another golfer and, as I approached, I heard him discoursing about "a 2 on the first, third and fifth," and I broke in to ask if he was telling about my card. Here at least was one man beyond the demoralizing influence of this pastime on human probity.

"No," he replied calmly, "I was just going over my own score."

Then I tore up my card, stuffed my ears with cotton and went over and found myself a place at the bar.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He Visits the Gastro-Enterological Debating Society.

As I left my quarters the next morning, I was fortunate enough to run into my acquaintance of the golf links, and we paused to pass the time of day. I learned from him that he had come all the way from the Holy Land to take advantage of the excellent training in gastro-enterology that was furnished by the Clinic of Western India, a beneficiary institution under the Rockefeller Foundation. Indeed, he remarked that he was on his way there now, already a trifle late for the morning session, but I would be welcome to accompany him. That exactly suited me and a few minutes later, we arrived at the very pretentious building occupied by the clinic. I was a little surprised to observe a black flag, with a white skull and cross bones, flying from the mast on the roof. I asked no explanation, contenting myself with the conjecture that this might be the ensign of the specialty.

Once inside, I supposed we were to make directly

for the amphitheatre but, instead, we climbed three flights, passing room after room, each placarded "Debating Chamber" 1, 2, 3, etc. Finally we entered "Debating Chamber 47." There was a liberal attendance of doctors, disposed about the room as they pleased, and at one end of the room, on a dais, was seated a gentleman who seemed to be the master of ceremonies. He was calling the meeting to order as we entered. Coming to order for this assembly appeared to consist of taking an extra deep pull on cigars and tilting back a bit in chairs to indicate attention.

The Professor (for such he was) announced that the subject for debate this morning would be "Does chronic gastric ulcer change to cancer?" As luck would have it, my friend was designated to support the negative.

Proceedings began at once with no one paying much attention, and I had listened to this same discussion so often before that I am afraid I was as discourteous as the rest. I found the signs posted about the room very diverting anyway. One announced that snoring would not be tolerated. Another advised the students to prepare themselves to support either side of any gastro-enterological question. Still another recommended extensive citing of personal cases in discussion. "The Gastro-Enter-

ologist Must Have His Place in the Sun," appeared over the head of the professor.

Dr. Manton, my host, was now on his feet and my attention was attracted by his excellent delivery and the logical presentation that he was offering. His was clearly a wide acquaintance with the literature.

"Consider, gentlemen, four hundred and fifty cases, reported by Krebosch, all absolutely proving that ulcer degenerates into cancer——"

He stopped with a jerk as the professor, wildly gesticulating and shouting loudly to surmount the general din, called, "Dr. Manton, Dr. Manton, I assigned you to the negative, not the positive!"

Manton never batted an eyelash.

"Oh—yes?—very well. Now, gentlemen, in regard to that series of Krebosch, within two months after his report had appeared, Fingelman came out in the *Pappenheimer Wochenschrift* with a paper setting forth that Krebosch had depended upon macroscopic examination of the supposedly degenerated ulcer and, therefore, his evidence was unreliable, while he, Finkelman, was able to offer the results of microscopic study in a group of five hundred and forty-one cases which showed that no change to cancer had occurred in a single instance. Did I tell you, gentlemen, that Wootan published a monograph on seventy-six cases, in which he was able to demon-

strate, by the clinical histories, the exact point of time when each ulcer altered its character to that of a new growth? Yes, I did, but I will add now that Branton, his chief at the Buckingham Hospital, in Shropshire, published a counterblaste directly afterward clearly demonstrating that his underling had drawn completely false conclusions from the histories of the cases which, as a matter of fact, had occurred on Branton's service. Not in a single case of the entire seventy-six, did Branton discover a single clinical sign to make him believe any change in the character of the lesion had taken place. Gentemen, I thank you."

There followed uproarious applause in support of the negatives, and with a pretty compliment to Manton on his ready resiliency, the professor decided in favor of that side. The porters then went about waking up the sleepers and we departed. My friend removed a placard from the wall and carried it away with him. I asked him why, and he replied that it would prove domestically useful. He intended to hang it in his wife's room. It read: "Snoring Prohibited."

As we left the building, a messenger handed me a note apprising me that my boat was to start within the hour. About to leave my companion, I

asked him to what purpose a twin building, just across from the one we had quitted, was devoted.

"Oh, that is the insane pavilion," he replied.

"Is there any implication in its proximity to the quarters of the gastro-enterologists?" I inquired blandly.

He grinned broadly in reply, and then said:

"You must come in for a second and see the poor doctors confined there."

Despite my haste, I felt that duty demanded that much delay and I assented.

The orderly, learning our mission, conducted us to a spacious chamber about which were disposed groups of healthy-looking fellows, occupied at bridge, pinochle, billiards, pool and many other games.

Gladdened at their appearance, but saddened by their misfortune, I asked what form their ailment took.

"These poor unfortunates," the orderly explained, "have never, since graduation, served in a hospital, attended a dispensary, opened a medical book, read a medical journal nor in any other way tried to keep abreast of medical progress, but, nevertheless, they think themselves doctors and qualified to practice medicine."

"Poor deluded men," I commented. "Still, it is safer for the public that they be cloistered here."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

He Visits the Hair-splitters.

I felt that a malady was overtaking me and my keenness for adventure was somewhat diminishing. On this account, I continued by ship through the Red Sea and made my first stop at Lebanon, where I had heard there flourished a very excellent hospital. Nor was I disappointed. A most splendid institution, indeed, was thrown open to my scrutiny, with the greatest courtesy and consideration. I found an unlimited amount of most painstaking, scientific work going on, unaccompanied by the least blare of trumpets or other furbelows.

My next stop was at Mt. Sinai, in order to visit the celebrated Hair-splitter's Hospital there. I came expectant, nor did I leave unsatisfied.

At the very first clinic, that I attended, a series of cases was presented, by the Chief, which most of us would have been pleased to detect as instances of hyperthyroidism. Did the Chief denominate them as such? No, indeed! He had gone a step further, just as we felt satisfied that the metabolic rate

proved them thyroid disease, if the other symptoms and signs might leave us in doubt. He called them cases of "autonomic imbalance." The next offering was a group of cases of kidney disease. I detected nothing unusual in the histories or symptoms. The surprise came toward the close. The speaker took up, in due time, the question of dietetic treatment. This particular type of nephrosis does not thrive on a limitation of proteid content in the food. Rather, contrary to all previous belief, such patients improve where meat is furnished in generous quantities. My conservatism thoroughly violated, I retreated to the lobby for a breath of old-fashioned air.

I was lucky enough to stumble into the staff, lounging room, which I found to be a veritable museum of interesting exhibits. Just at the time, the Superintendent, an engaging sort of fellow, entered. His was an enigmatic smile that left you in doubt as to exactly what he thought about you. When he learned that I was interested in browsing about, he thought, with a twist of his lip, that he might be able to spare his fourteenth deputy-assistant, and later substitute the fifth deputy, to serve as a guide. The deputy proved not disobliging and patiently puffed on his cigarette, awaiting a suggestion from me. Not able to hit on any other idea, I said:

"How about your mortality records?"

"Mortality records?" he replied. "We keep none. That's old-fashioned. We have immortality records, however."

Although I was not really very much interested, I looked the records over and found by their comparative tables that their results were a trifle better than any other hospital listed.

We passed on to examine some very ingenious tables for operative fees. On this chart, the fees were graded, dependent upon two factors: the length of the incision and the duration of operation. Thus would appear:

Appendectomy—7 minutes by 2 inches.....$250.00
Appendectomy—20 minutes by 5 inches..... 135.00

Next I viewed some amusing relics of attending physicians to the hospital, past and present. Particularly I noted a cigar butt, belonging to one of the surgeons, removed from the abdominal cavity of a patient at a secondary operation without further charge; a text-book for medical writing with the pronoun "I" excluded; a placard reading, "Gynecologists must avoid the abdominal route"; a resplendent artificial carnation; and a photo of a gray-haired chap with a halo about his head which, my guide insisted, had just grown there.

On our way out, I remarked a time-clock which

revealed no key to punch. My companion explained that this instrument registered by means of the footprint of the particular physician as he entered the hospital.

I was ready, now, to return to the auditorium, where we found a young doctor presenting a case, or rather attempting to present it, in face of a turmoil of heckling and questioning by the group of older physicians that surrounded him. The poor boy was trembling and growing whiter and whiter by the minute. Finally he staggered for a moment and then sank in a faint to the floor. Two of the professors followed the descent of his body, kneeling at his side, still arguing with him and with each other about some question of the blood and what it revealed in such conditions as he had presented and in the normal. The orderly, who stood at hand ready to remove casualties, administered a kick to one of the disputants who sprawled on the floor and arose with blood spurting from his nose and running down into his mouth. His companion, unruffled, drew a swab and a glass slide from his pocket and securing a drop of blood from the professor's face, drew it across the slide, and crying, "Come now, we shall see," departed arm in arm with his colleague to consult the microscope.

The orderly had procured aid and was just lifting

the unconscious medico on to a stretcher when an avid looking individual rushed into the room, thrust the orderly aside and slapped his ear down over the heart of their burden. Then he turned away disappointed.

"Who is that, and what does he want?" I questioned my guide.

"Oh, that's the laboratory man," he replied. "He thought he had an autopsy."

CHAPTER XXXV.

He Visits the Fee-splitters.

It was only through the exercise of the greatest fortitude and resolution that I was able to keep on my feet upon my arrival at Aleppo. For the last few days I had been subject to recurring attacks of chills and fever, and I was suffering an overpowering sense of fatigue. But reaching this town, I was determined to make a side trip to a nearby village where I learned that the fee-splitters of the entire country had been segregated. It is true that I made the trip but it was done at the expense of my welfare, and I was obliged to hurry back to Aleppo and to the hospital where I am now writing.

My present state of health is the least of my concerns, although I am given to understand that my condition is most precarious, but what I do regret is that my visit to the fee-splitters was curtailed to such an extent that I was unable to gather any data worth relating. For it must be understood that there is nothing peculiarly distinctive about a fee-

splitter at first sight. He resembles for all the world any other individual of your acquaintance. Today you may come in contact with one and despite all that has been said and written against his class, you may be silly enough to estimate him as worthier by far than others more righteous. They wear the same clothes, eat the same food, have the same habits and attend the same medical societies as other men. Merely, they have a keener sense of business values, which, some claim, they are pointing in a wrong direction.

I think the only interesting sidelight on their methods, that was revealed to me in my short stay, is one that well illustrates the fact that there are those among us who ever feel the urge to vary a trifle from the accepted custom of the law-abiding majority. I was interviewing a prominent specialist: that is, a man who had been eminent in his original community.

"How are things going; are you getting many consultations nowadays?" I inquired.

"Not at all good," he replied, with a look of disgust. "Would you believe that there is a group of irregulars growing up here, where everyone is a fee-splitter, who are corralling all the consultations by such a method as this card illustrates? Some men couldn't go straight through a turnstile!"

I accepted the card he proferred and read to my surprise:

If you wish to consult with a Doctor
who does *not* split fees,
call on
Ranzio Anarygos, M. D.
42 Wanyay St.

Back at Aleppo, I was carried unconscious to the hospital. Indeed, it was only by practicing the method introduced by the celebrated Frenchman, Coué, that I brought myself back to consciousness. I believe that the Nancy formula is just as useful in this state as in the conscious. Then it was that I

There was a line of doctors extending

learned from the doctors who surrounded my bedside, filling the room, indeed, with a line extending, I was told, all the way out of the hospital and around the corner, that I was afflicted with a very rare disease. Very rare, they said; so rare, indeed, that mine seemed to be the only case that had ever occurred. It was first reported by von Warfield, in 1841, and he named it "Incredibilitasia."

I regret to say that it is of markedly contagious character, and is principally conveyed through the medium of books, writing paper, etc., because, despite my earnest remonstrances, my publishers insisted that I examine every copy of this book that was issued, to detect any errors or exaggerations that may have crept in, including, of course, the one that you have now finished.

out of the hospital and around the corner.

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